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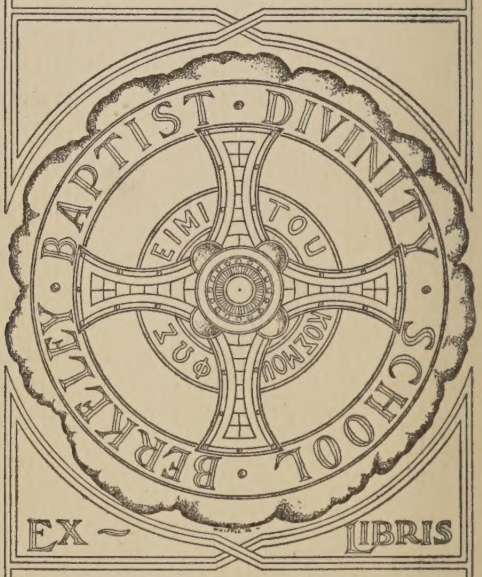

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DRAMATIZED MISSIONARY STORIES

MARY M. RUSSELL

DRAMATIZED MISSIONARY STORIES

BY

MARY M. RUSSELL

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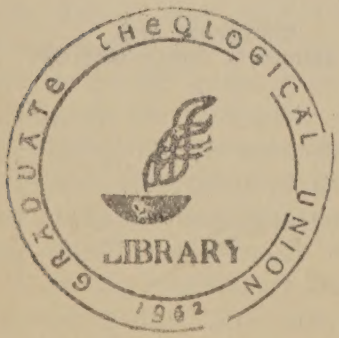

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DRAMATIZED MISSIONARY STORIES. II

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FOREWORD

The plays in this book are designed to help the young people of the *average* church present the meaning of missions in an effective and interesting manner. The stories are adapted for use by Young People's Societies, Young Ladies' Missionary Societies, Senior and Young People's Departments of the Sunday School and organized classes. The plays are so arranged that they can be presented in any church or parish house even where there is limited equipment for dramatics. Where it is impossible to provide the recommended set and properties the church auditorium or parish house may be used with only the changes necessary to remove the already familiar appearance of the platform. This may be achieved by the use of screens, draperies and potted plants. The aim should be not excessive detail but the spirit and message of the story. It is possible to produce some of the plays without the aid of a curtain as the actors leave the stage at the end of each scene. A temporary curtain of inexpensive material, strung on a wire, will often serve the purpose of the evening. Double-hinged screens are useful for backgrounds. Oftentimes properties for following scenes may be concealed behind the screens, thus saving time between the acts. The essential thing, however, is not

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scenery but to have the message of the story so interpreted by the actors that a deepened interest in missionary activities shall be stimulated.

COSTUMES

Costuming is always a problem, especially when one attempts to dress as do the people of a given country. It is not necessary to represent every detail accurately. It is sufficient to have a general type of dress represented. Of course, one should be careful not to confuse the costumes of two countries and so have a person appear wearing an Armenian dress and a Japanese head dress. Pictures are most helpful in giving ideas of costumes, customs and realistic backgrounds. The Women's Foreign Mission Boards usually have costumes which may be rented or borrowed. In every community is the traveler who has costumes or curios from distant lands, which he will lend. Paisley shawls, couch covers, and portieres can often be draped so as to serve for oriental dress, especially for men. Cheese cloth, cambric, voile, cretonne and kimonos serve the purpose for women's gowns.

Costumes for the countries referred to in the plays are given below.

Oriental costumes are easily made. In general, the man's costume consists of a plain cotton tunic with a cord for a girdle. Over this is worn a striped mantle, fastened to one shoulder and wrapped about the body. The tunic for a young man is knee length, while it is ankle length for an older man. Boys

wear short tunics, white or in colors. The head dress of the men is usually a square or oblong scarf, draped over the head so that it falls over the shoulders, and is held in place by a heavy cord or twisted piece of black cloth. A stocking answers the purpose of the cord admirably. Sandals are worn on the feet.

The women wear plain, straight tunics reaching to the ankles. Over this is a mantle, much larger and brighter than that worn by the men. It is draped about the head and shoulders and falls to the ankles.

Africa. Faces may be blackened or a thin stocking, with holes for the eyes and mouth, may be drawn tightly over the head and face and fastened closely at the neck. This saves blackening the face and is nearly as effective. Black stockings without shoes should be worn on the feet. Long gloves may be worn on the arms and hands. Plain straight costumes of red cheese cloth or cambric with a red turban will serve for the women, while the men wear short-sleeved, low-necked shirts and short cotton trousers. No stockings.

Arabia. The costumes are similar to the general description of oriental costumes, with combinations of white and bright flaring colors, particularly red and yellow. The women appear veiled. A soft white veil covers the face from below the eyes, while the head dress comes low over the forehead, leaving only the eyes visible. The children wear simple short frocks of bright colors, with close fitting caps.

China. The Chinaman on our streets is the best

guide to the man's costume. A tight plain skirt or wide trousers of black reaching to the ankles. These may be made from black sateen. The coat is of black or white, plain and tight fitting. The cue may be represented by a braid of black material sewed to the inside of a close fitting cap. The women's costumes are too familiar to need description. Chinese kimonos are easily procured.

India. The different castes of India wear different costumes, consequently it is not easy to costume a play accurately, therefore a general impression of the dress should be represented. The men should be dressed in long sleeved white tunics and brilliant turbans. Faces may be darkened with stain or paint or equally well with fine earth dust. A white blouse with elbow sleeves and V-shaped neck forms the undergarment of the Hindu woman. Yards of bright colored cheese cloth make the rest of the costume. The goods should be brought tightly around the hips and tied firmly in front, then again wrapped around the body. The remainder is laid in soft plaits to within about three yards of the end. The plaits are tucked in over the knot and the loose end is then carried over the left hip, up under the right arm and over the left shoulder, across to the right shoulder and the end thrown over the head. Ornaments, jewelry, strings of beads, bracelets, ear-rings and rings complete the outfit.

Indian. The well-known khaki colored suits of the Indians need no description. Head bands of feathers can easily be made. Camp Fire Girls in their ceremonial gowns can be used in the last scene

of story where women may be included. The faces may be darkened by applying brown earth.

Japan. Japanese kimonos are easily procured. A wide sash of cambric tied in a large butterfly bow and pinned high in the back completes the costume. The hair should be piled high in the familiar fashion of the Japanese women in pictures and ornamented with fancy pins, tiny fans and flowers. Little girls should be dressed in bright colored kimonos coming nearly to the ground, with sashes of a contrasting color. The children have the sashes tied in a simple knot, not in a large bow. The little boys should wear dark kimonos, black and white or blue and white. Their sashes are hardly more than strings tied in the back. Little skull caps made from soft gray material easily represent the shaved heads of the boys. Japanese girls have their hair bobbed, consequently the children with long hair should have it folded under and pinned to give the desired effect.

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DRAMATIZED MISSIONARY STORIES

DRAMATIZED MISSIONARY STORIES

A HERO OF LONG AGO

CHARACTERS:

William Carey { *a young man* / *an old man*
James, *a young man, friend of* William
Numba, Darluriba, Mada } *Hindus*

ACT I

TIME: 1792.

SCENE I: *Simply furnished room. Map of world on wall. Shoemaker's bench at side of room. William Carey, a young man, sitting at bench, mending shoes. Book propped open before him. Glances frequently at book. After a moment begins to speak.*

William Carey. It is the same Gospel though I read it in the Greek! I can read it in Hebrew, Latin and Greek. I wonder if I shall ever read it in any other language. I like nothing better than translating. [*Rises.*] No wonder my friends think I

should keep on teaching school. I can do that to meet expenses if necessary but preaching is my real work. [*Drops shoes; gazes into distance.*]

[*Enter James.*

James. How are you, William? Busy?

William. Glad to see you. Come over and sit down. [*Indicates chair.*]

James. Are you hard at work?

William. I am afraid I was not doing much of anything but dreaming.

James. You are always doing that. What is it this time?

William. The same problem we have already discussed. We are blind. We see only our own interest. It isn't enough to make our homeland secure and our people happy and prosperous. We need to do that, of course, but we must do more. [*Rises, walks back and forth.*] [*Shows strong emotion.*] I can seem to see millions in India who have never heard the Gospel, reaching out their hands to us and saying as did one of old, "Come over and help us." Our people do not see them; do not hear their cry. Something must be done. Surely God will hold us responsible if we do not help.

James. What can we do?

William. We can give them the Gospel.

James. How can we? They can't read.

William. Not our language, but they have one of their own. The Gospel can be translated into it.

James. Who could do it? It would take years, for one would have to learn their language before he could translate the Bible for them.

William. I know. I have thought of that.

James. It can't be done. Who would be willing to go to that far off land? The natives would kill a man before he had a chance to teach them anything.

William. "And I said, 'Who will go and whom shall I send?'" And—yes, I will answer as the prophet did: "Here am I, send me." I'll go if I can get there.

James. Have you taken leave of your senses? *You* go to India to live with the heathen? Of course, you can't.

William. I tell you that I am going. God has been speaking to me for months. It was of India I was thinking when you entered. India fills my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. I must go. It is God's plan for me. Come with me. I am going to meet with the brethren who are assembled in conference to-day. They have read the paper I wrote on the subject. Now I must tell them my desire and ask their aid. Come, let us be going. [*Picks up hat.*]

James. I'll go with you, but I do not expect any help for you.

William. I must do this thing for which I am called. I must take up the task God has given me. We must ask ourselves whether the commandment given to the apostles, to teach all nations, even unto the end of the world, places any responsibility upon us. I, for one, am ready to give my mind, my strength, my life, if need be, in preaching the Gospel to the millions of savages for whom Christ died.

James. But how can it be done?

William. Expect great things of God; attempt great things for God.

[*Exeunt William and James.*

CURTAIN

SCENE II: *One year later. William Carey's home in India. Numba busy about the room. Mr. Carey looking out of window.**

William Carey. This is India. How strange it all is! [*Walks into room, stands near table.*] It is hard to realize that I am here. For awhile it seemed as though I should never be able to come. To think that the East India Company should refuse me passage! Missionaries were not wanted in India, I was told. Surely not by men who have been using the ignorance of the natives as a means of enrichment. They do well to fear the power of the Gospel. Now that I am here they are afraid of my influence and so they hinder me in all my attempts to teach the natives. [*Pauses.*] If it were not for my trust in God, I should be discouraged. Long weary months I spent on board ship, five more months I have spent in trying to gain a working knowledge of this most difficult language. Not yet have I had a letter from home. [*Sits down, rests head in arms on table. Soft plaintive air played on violin.*] [*Carey raises his head.*] Expect great

* Audience should be informed of the change in time and scene.

things of God; attempt great things for God. He opened the way for me to come here by putting into the heart of a Danish captain the willingness to give me passage on his ship. Surely he will not forsake me now. I must work quietly but constantly. I'll accept the offer I had to-day to superintend an indigo factory. That will provide for my support, it will give me an opportunity to become acquainted with more men. My evenings will still be free for translations. [*Rises.*] The outlook is far from dark. The people of India shall yet have the Gospel. [*Goes to window, looks out.*] [*Music softly played until end of scene adds much to the effectiveness of the scene.*] [*Exit Numba.*

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein." [*Pauses.*]

"He giveth to all life, and breath and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men." [*Pause.*]

"And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me—" [*Pause.*] [*Softly.*] "And, lo, I am with you alway." [*Pause.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE III: *Forty years later. Mr. Carey's home in India. Mr. Carey (much older) seated at table covered with books and papers. Three natives on floor with papers before them. The men should be dressed in white suits. The natives with bright turbans on their heads.**

* Audience should be informed of the passage of time.

William Carey. It is a hard task to translate the Scriptures into your language, Darluriba. You have few rules but many idioms.

Darluriba. O teacher, we have nothing. Give us the great news you gave to Numba's people.

Numba. [*Smiling.*] Yes, my people have the good news. My people know the white man's God. My people are happy.

William Carey. You have been a faithful follower, Numba. You have been a diligent scholar and a good helper. You were but a boy when you came to me, now for thirty years you have been with me. You have taken good care of me and you have helped me greatly in my work.

Numba. [*Bows low to the floor.*] The master is good to Numba. Numba loves the master. Numba would be good like the master.

William Carey. Say not so. Say rather that you would be like your master's Lord. He is the only pattern for you to copy. He will teach you the way of life.

Numba. He is good. He sent the master to us. We are grateful. We will show Him our love.

William Carey. He has been good to me. Forty years have I been in this country. Into thirty-five different dialects have I translated the Scriptures. I have made, for the people, grammars and dictionaries. God has used my love for language as a means to spread His word in India. To-day there are in India one hundred and twenty-six native schools with ten thousand boys studying in them. There is a theological school with thirty-seven stu-

dents, nineteen of whom are native Christians. Over twenty-two million copies of the Scripture have been given away and there are now in India two thirds of a million of converts to Christianity. Even the rulers listen to my words and heed my counsels. The rich, the poor, the learned, the ignorant are hearing the Gospel and many believe.

Mada. Many have not yet heard.

William Carey. You are right. [*Slowly.*] Many, very many, have not yet heard.

Darluriba. My people do not know. I return to tell them. I take the book with me.

Numba. We are helping to make the book ready that your people may know the good news.

William Carey. [*Looking into a book.*] I little thought, when as a boy I wrestled with Greek and Latin verbs, that some day I should find more difficult ones in the Bengali tongue. Even those have yielded to my labors. Now thirty-five different tribes can listen to the word of God as it is read to them in their own language. [*Pauses.*] Expect great things of God; attempt great things for God.

Numba. The master always say that. He said it long ago; he say it now, "Expect great things of God."

William Carey. [*Rises.*] It has been my life motto and it has been fulfilled. I give it unto you as your motto in the work you shall do for your people. "Expect great things of God; attempt great things for God." With it I give you this

promise made by the great Master, "And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." As the Master has been with me so will He be with you. [*Slowly.*] I am now an old man. My working days are nearly over, but there remains much to be done. You, my faithful helpers, must take up the unfinished task. There are still in India millions who have not heard the Gospel. I charge you to do your part to give it to them.

Numba. Master, how can we work without you?

William Carey. Have I not taught you? Have I not trained you? You must carry on what I began. Promise me that you will be faithful. Show me that my work has not all been in vain. Promise me that you will keep the faith. Promise that you will teach others. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Numba. I promise.

Darluriba. I promise.

Mada. I promise.

William Carey. I am content. India shall yet know the truth and the truth shall make her free. Go forth into the work and may [*Raises hands.*]

"The Lord bless you and keep you.

The Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious to you.

The Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace."

Amen.

CURTAIN

A CALL TO SERVICE

CHARACTERS:

David Livingstone, *missionary, a man of sixty years.*

Henry M. Stanley, *explorer sent to find Livingstone.*

Three Native Men, *companions of Livingstone.*

Four American Young Men, *companions of Stanley.*

A Young Man, *American Volunteer for foreign service.*

A Young Woman, *American Volunteer for foreign service.*

Group of African men, women, and children.

Group of American young people.

ACT I

SCENE I: *A cleared place in an African forest, containing a rudely built hut partly finished. Three natives, working on the hut. Livingstone and a native in the foreground.*

(The scene may be made realistic by the use of boughs, small trees and green plants. The hut is made of pieces of board covered with branches.)

Livingstone. This rude shelter will furnish us protection for the short time we must remain here.

Native. How long, Master, must we stay?

Livingstone. I can not tell. Our food is almost gone, though I have tried to use it sparingly. I expected the supplies long before this.

Native. [*Angrily.*] We know why they do not come. That rascal who was to bring them to us has either kept them or sold them.

Livingstone. Speak not so unless you know your words to be true.

Second Native. [*Approaching.*] O Master, let us return, I pray thee! Why go further into this dreadful wilderness?

Livingstone. I must know what is beyond. This continent must be opened to the world. The future freedom of the poor and oppressed people who live here must be assured.

Second Native. We can return later. Let us go back now. The men have gone far enough. They are tired, they want to see their own village again —and some of them are afraid.

First Native. You yourself are worn out, half starved and almost ill. Why go on?

Livingstone. Well, perhaps you are right. I'll consider what you say, but now finish the hut that we may have shelter for the night.

[*Men return to work, Livingstone stands in attitude of deep thought, after few moments speaks.*]

I am weary, aye so weary. [*Pauses, then speaks softly as if to himself.*] To go back—back home—

England, friends, comfort—rest! [*Gazes into distance as if seeing home.*] I am tired. [*Seats himself near a tree. During last speech the men have one by one silently passed from sight so that Livingstone is alone on the stage. As he finishes speaking a voice from behind the scene sings "Go Labor On." Tune Melton.*]

"Go labor on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?"

[*As the singing ceases, Livingstone rises to his feet, stands for a few seconds as if listening, then straightens himself to his full height.*]

Livingstone. Why should I be thinking of rest and home and ease while my work here remains unfinished? I am not worthy the task if I can so easily relinquish it. [*Goes toward the hut.*] How goes the work?

[*Enter native.*

Native. Well, my Master, our task is nearly finished. Two of the men have gone yonder in the hope of securing game for the evening meal.

Livingstone. Good! A hot supper will put new life into us.

[*Sound of shouting and commotion outside.*]

Native. [*Excitedly.*] What is that? It is not the noise of our men alone.

Livingstone. No, there are too many voices.

Native. It may be a savage tribe.

Livingstone. Calm yourself. I will find out. [*Starts toward entrance, suddenly stops, listens, then exclaims*] English! Those voices speak my own tongue!

[*Enter Stanley, soldiers and natives.*

Stanley. Is this Mr. Livingstone?

Livingstone. It is.

Stanley. I am Stanley, sent out by the New York *Herald* to find you. Your friends in England and America are anxious for news of you. It is a long time since word has been received from you. It was feared that you were ill or in need of help, or—or—was in trouble.

Livingstone. You can see for yourself how impossible it has been for me to communicate with the people at home, while I have been on this long trip inland. Later I will explain more fully. First, tell me have you ample food supply? My men are half starved, for our supplies have failed to reach us.

Stanley. We have abundance. [*Turns to his men.*] Fetch the supplies. Prepare supper for all. Be quick!

[*Exeunt men.*

Livingstone. [*To natives.*] Go. Help prepare the meal.

Stanley. You must return with me. All the civilized world is waiting to do you honor. You have been a long while from home. Now you are wanted there.

Livingstone. Ah, to be home again!

Stanley. We shall return at once. You are

worn out and exhausted from hard work, exposure and lack of food.

Livingstone. [*Stretching out his arms.*] Home —friends—England—America.

Stanley. All are waiting for you. Everything you wish shall be yours. I am commanded to find you and to bring you back with me.

[*Enter soldier.*

Soldier. The meal is ready.

[*Exit soldier.*

Stanley. Let us go at once.

Livingstone. [*Approaching Stanley.*] The sound of your voice, speaking English, is like music in my ears. Oh, to be at home again! [*"Home, Sweet Home," should be played on the violin as Livingstone finishes speaking.*]

[*Exeunt Stanley and Livingstone.*

CURTAIN

[*A few moments should be allowed to elapse between Act I and Act II to denote passage of time.*]

ACT II

SCENE II: *Same as I. Livingstone stands at right. Stanley paces back and forth in front.*

Stanley. You mean this? Your mind is made up? You will not return with me?

Livingstone. My work is here. I must remain. I have not finished what I set out to do. If I left

now, years would pass ere another man would be sent here and could proceed as far into the country as I have.

Stanley. What shall I tell England and America? Your friends will be disappointed.

Livingstone. That may be, but my people here need me. I cannot leave them.

Stanley. Then I return alone. I shall tell the world of your marvelous work here, and the people shall see that "yours is the Spartan heroism with the inflexibility of the Roman, and the enduring resolution of the Anglo-Saxon—never to relinquish your work though your heart yearns for home; never to surrender your obligation until you can write finis to your work."

[*Livingstone and Stanley shake hands.*

Livingstone. Thanks to America for sending you. Your visit has cheered me and strengthened me. God grant you a safe return.

Stanley. And may He bless you as you remain alone to do a superhuman task. Good-bye. [*Exit Stanley.*] [*Livingstone watches him from sight, raises his hat in last farewell. As he gazes after Stanley a voice from outside sings:*]

"Go labor on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won."

[*Livingstone falls on his knees in attitude of prayer. Again the voice sings softly:*]

"Toil on and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, Behold, I come."

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE I: *At extreme left, an African village, with kraals and men, women and children, but without Livingstone. (Have lights on scene dim to give the effect of distance.) The Christian church, represented by a group of young people, at extreme right of platform faces the African group.*

Voice. [*Sings.*]

"Go labor on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

"Go labor on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won."

[*As voice ceases a young man and young woman, she in white carrying the Christian flag and he, in khaki, carrying the American flag, step out*

from the group and move toward the African group, singing:]

"Lord, speak to me that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone.
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

"Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt and when and where
Until thy blessed face I see;
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share."

[*As they finish singing they should be near to the African group, which greets them with outstretched hands of welcome.*]

CURTAIN

A WORTHWHILE INVESTMENT

CHARACTERS:

Ernest Philips, *a medical missionary in India.*
Fred, Herbert } *college friends of Ernest.*
Native helper at hospital.
Group of patients.
Native boy, patient.
Native girl, patient.

ACT I

SCENE I: *Room in hotel in India. Enter Fred and Herbert.*

Fred. [*Walks over to window.*] Well, at last, we are in India. It is certainly different from Europe, or America, or even China.

Herbert. This surely is a big city. Being under British rule it is not quite as heathenish in appearance as the cities we saw in China. I think we shall find it very interesting here.

Fred. Interesting! Of course, it will be *that.* Anything strange is interesting, but who would want to live here with dark faces on every side and hideous holy men all about? Those fakirs make me wish I were a hundred miles away. They are

actually uncanny, I say—let's make our stay here short.

Herbert. How do you suppose Ernest stands it here?

Fred. Ernest! I can't understand him. Think of a fellow with his record burying himself in this out-of-the-way place. He must have been mad to give up his chances at home to come here. Why, think of him at college! There wasn't a more popular fellow in our class. He made a splendid record in his studies, graduating with cum laude. Did the same thing at medical school, too.

Herbert. He must have made good at the hospital, for one of the surgeons told me Ernest was one of the most promising young men in years who had trained there. He predicted a brilliant future for him had he remained in America.

Fred. And he threw up a chance like that to come here to doctor these poor heathens? It seems all the more strange to me because Ernest wasn't a goody-goody. You know how he could play football; how he liked all kinds of good times; no gathering of the bunch was complete without him. How he could make the piano talk! Of course, I knew he went to church—taught a class of boys, I believe, but I never thought he was painfully religious. I almost wish we had not come here. I hate to find him changed as he must be now.

Herbert. Well, we are here. If we are going to see him this morning we may as well start for the hospital at once.

Fred. He will be surprised to see us to-day. I

wrote him we would not be here before next week.

Herbert. All the better. We shall find him just as he lives when he isn't expecting friends from America.

Fred. That's so. Let's be going. What kind of a hospital do you suppose he has?

Herbert. Some old shack, probably.

[*Exeunt men.*

CURTAIN

SCENE II: *Reception room at hospital. Native helper sitting at desk. Group of native patients sitting near by. Enter Fred and Herbert.*

Fred. Is this where Dr. Philips works?

Native. Yes. He certainly *works* here.

Fred. Well, go tell him, will you, that we are here. [*Writes on a card, gives it to native.*]

[*Exit native.*

Herbert. Some hospital this!

Fred. I should say so. It would do for New York. I did not suppose they had any hospitals like this in India. The size of it amazes me.

Herbert. It is as clean and neat as any hospital at home. I don't see how they keep it so with all these miserable people coming here. [*Looks at natives.*] Look at those and the men waiting outside. [*Walks to door and looks out.*] How many doctors do you suppose they have here?

Fred. Not many. There can't be many men as

foolish as Ernest. Why doesn't that fellow return? These people are enough to make one sick. Who knows what may be the matter with them?

[*Enter native.*

Native. Dr. Philips is operating on a patient just now. He asks that you wait. He will come to you soon.

Fred. What, wait here?

Native. He says I may show you about the hospital until he is free.

Herbert. Where did you learn to speak English?

Native. I went to the mission school when I was twelve. There I first learned English. Since then I have been to college. Some day I hope to be a doctor like him. [*Motions toward door.*]

Herbert. Shall you go to America to study?

Native. No, I can't do that. I study here. I finish college, then I study medicine, then I train more at the hospital.

Fred. What college?

Native. Our college—the mission college. We have splendid college buildings with eighteen acres of land, for many of our boys study agriculture so as to learn how to keep the famines from sweeping over our land so often. Our college is of high grade. It grants a B. A. degree which is recognized by the government. There is a theological school, and a medical school connected with our college. Besides the college there is the high school with over a thousand boys, the manual training school for boys and the school for girls.

Fred. You mean you have all this *here*?

Herbert. Is this a government hospital?

Native. Oh, no. This belongs to the mission. It was built by wealthy Hindus who had been patients in the old hospital or whose friends had been there. The old building was very small and poor. This is much better. Over twenty thousand cases were treated here the past year.

Herbert. Twenty thousand cases! How large a staff is there?

Native. Staff? What you mean?

Herbert. How many doctors?

Native. How many doctors? Why, we have the doctor—Dr. Philips.

Herbert. Yes, I know he is here, but how many others?

Native. Others? Why, he is the only one.

Fred. Don't get smart. Of course, we know he is here, else we should not be. But how many *other doctors* are here working in the hospital with him?

Native. No other doctors, sir, no other American is here. Just Dr. Philips.

Fred. You mean to tell me that Dr. Philips *alone* sees twenty thousand patients a year?

Native. He has seven native helpers, men who have been trained here in the hospital who work with him.

Fred. Strange! It can't be so. [*To Herbert.*] We'll ask Ernest when he comes.

Native. Will you go through the hospital now?

Fred. No-o-o. I think not. We'll wait here until the doctor comes.

Native. Then, if you will excuse me, I'll see these patients who are waiting.

Herbert. Tell us about them. [*Points to boy with eyes bandaged.*] What is the matter with him?

Native. He was almost blind when he was brought here three months ago. He would have soon been blind if the doctor had not seen him.

Herbert. Tell us about the poor chap with his hand bandaged.

Native. He was bitten by a snake. The cobra is sacred in India. More people die from the bite of that snake than from almost any other cause, because the people are afraid to kill them, believing them to be gods. This man had learned from your Christian religion and knew that a snake was no god, so he came to the hospital. The doctor saved his hand.

Fred. What is the matter with the youngsters? [*Indicating boy and girl.*]

Native. Starved. We have many such cases as a result of famine. These two were found deserted in a village a few miles beyond here. When found they had been without food for days; even before that they had had only scanty supplies. They were brought here one night. The boy was unconscious. We thought he could not live, but the doctor saved both of them. Now they come every day so we may know how much they gain.

Herbert. They don't look starved now. Guess the doctor finds plenty to do.

Native. He works all the time, then he can't do

it all. The patients come and come. Some days they wait all day long, but too many come. Some go away and come next day. Some sit all night. Some old, some young, some children. Doctor sees all. He helps many. All love him. He loves everybody. He helps every one who comes.

[*Enter doctor.*

Doctor. [*Greets friends.*] My, but it's good to see you! Sorry had to make you wait. How are you? Fred, you're too fat! You need a good wrestle. I'd like to try you again. Herbert, I hear you were a real war hero, came home covered with medals.

Herbert. I think I am looking at one of the biggest heroes I know. You should be wearing the medals.

Doctor. I? Why, I haven't done anything. I could not even leave here to go. I had to "stay by the stuff."

Fred. Say, old chap, do you do all this work alone? Do you run the hospital, see all the patients and attend to everything yourself?

Doctor. No, indeed. I have seven native helpers, three of them trained at this hospital. Two of them have been here eight years. Then there are the native nurses, all men of course, and the helpers.

Fred. But you are the only real physician here?

Doctor. I am the only American physician.

Fred. Ernest, we owe you an apology. Ever since you came out here we fellows have been calling you a fool. We said you were throwing yourself away. We thought you were wasting your

chances. Now I know you are doing a bigger piece of work than any of us. What is a business job compared with your task? To think I pitied you!

Doctor. We can't all do the same work. Yours is in the field of business; mine is here. It all has to be done. I knew you fellows didn't understand. I'll confess it hurt to have you think I was playing the part of a slacker. When I received your letter saying you two were coming here, I hoped that once you had seen the hospital you would be convinced I had made no mistake. If you can make the other fellows believe it, too, I shall be happy.

Fred. They will believe it all right when we get through with them. More than that, they'll help you, too. We will tell the fellows what you are doing here alone, and though I can't promise that any of us will join you, I'll tell you now that you shall hear from us each year in the form of good financial assistance. If you are willing to give up home and friends and comforts of life and put your days in here among these poor foreigners we will see to it that you have everything money can buy to help you. We will be your backers. Here's my hand on it. [*Gives hand.*]

Doctor. Thanks!

Herbert. [*Extending hand.*] And mine, too. Hereafter there will be three instead of one running this place.

Doctor. Four, boys, for the great Physician is the real head of this hospital. I could not do the work but for his help. He is my pattern. I try to follow his lead, desiring, "Not to be ministered unto

but to minister," and if need be, I am willing to lay down my life for this people. I hope, however, to have many years in which to live here where medical work is so much needed. I want to show you the hospital. You must see every ward and learn what we are actually doing. We have only men in this hospital, as in India men and women are never put into the same hospital. All my nurses are men.

Fred. Your financial agents are men also.

Doctor. [*Extending hand to each.*] My two American assistants! I welcome you to a work that will challenge all your energy; to a work that can never be completed; to a work that benefits mankind; to a work that will continue throughout eternity—for we heal not only bodies, but souls. Now come, I want to show you *our* plant that you may know how your money will be spent. [*Locks arms with the two men, sings "To the work, To the work" as three leave stage.*]

CURTAIN

THE STRANGE MISSION OF MARY REED

CHARACTERS:

Mary Reed, *an American missionary in India.*
An American woman visitor to Mary Reed.
Mrs. Paine, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Ellis } *former schoolmates of Mary Reed.*
Others.
Group of native Hindu women.
Reader.

PROLOGUE

Would you know the story of an American woman who spent her days in far-off India doing a work unlike that of most missionaries? Would you hear how she lived in loneliness and sorrow, yet ever blessing others? Would you learn of the strange way in which she was able to bear the gospel to an afflicted people? Then listen to the story of Mary Reed, an American girl, who was born in Ohio, early became interested in missions, at the age of twenty-five sailed for India, where for five years she labored, doing the work common to every woman missionary. You shall hear of the almost unspeakable tragedy

which then came into her life, and you shall also hear of how even that was made to bless suffering humanity.

First you will see Mary Reed, after four years in India, enjoying a visit from an American friend. Not yet has the shadow touched her life.

[*Exit reader.*

ACT I

SCENE I: *Mary Reed's home in India. Enter Mary Reed and friend, dressed in white dresses and hats and carrying white sunshades.*

Mary. I am about to show you a scene quite different from any you have yet beheld. I have taken you to visit our schools. There you have seen the boys in day schools; the few girls in our boarding schools. You have seen our limited equipment and our need of teachers, buildings and funds. I have taken you into the homes of the women. There you have seen them in the zenanas as they spend their days in idleness, gossiping and quarreling. I have taken you out into the country districts and shown you the poverty and ignorance of this people.

Friend. Yes, you have. I have ridden in ox-carts, in springless wagons, on donkeys and in chairs. What are we to do now?

Mary. You are to see a vastly different sight to-day. We are going to the Ganges, where you may view the women as they go there to wash their sins away. It would be a pretty picture if one did not

know the meaning of it, the river, the banks and the women in their colored robes. There you will find groups chatting together as if on a picnic, while others will be putting upon their heads the peculiar marks which signify that they have performed the rite of purification. I hope to find a chance to speak to the women. Come, it is time for us to go.

[*Exeunt women.*

CURTAIN

SCENE II: *Banks of the Ganges. (A strip of tin may be used to represent the river, while palms, green branches, and potted plants and sand about the edge help to make the effect more realistic. Terraced steps covered with dark green cloth and scattered with green plants or leaves will serve for the bank.) On the bank are a number of women, dressed in bright colors. (See chapter on Costumes—Hindus.) Some of the women are decorating their foreheads, others are watching them, while some are still at the water's edge.*

[*Enter Mary and Friend.*

Friend. What a picture!

Mary. It might be if one did not know the hopeless significance of it all. Sit here while I go to the women.

[*Friend seats herself. Mary approaches women and begins to sing, "I Love to Tell the Story." As she ceases to sing she passes cards to the women.*]

First Native. These are foreign devils. [*Throws card on ground.*] Do not listen to her. She has an evil spirit. [*Some of the women move quickly away.*]

Second Native. Wait awhile, I want to know what she says.

First Native. It's not safe. She will cast a spell over you. She may make you blind or turn you into a dog.

[*Women move farther away.*

Third Native. No, she will not hurt you. She is kind. She came to my house one day. [*To women.*] Come near and she will tell you a beautiful story and will sing again. [*A few seat themselves near, but most of the women remain where they are, still fearful.*]

Mary. I will not hurt you. I am your friend. I want to teach you how to be happy. [*A few women shake their heads, whisper and point threateningly at Mary.*]

Third Native. [*To Mary.*] You cannot talk here. The women will make trouble. Come to my house. No one will interfere there.

Two Women. We would not dare to go with her.

Third Native. The teacher shall go first. We will follow. [*To teacher.*] You go to my house and wait. I'll bring the women with me.

Mary. Let me sing once more before I leave. [*Sings another stanza of "I Love to Tell the Story."*]

[*Exeunt Mary and Friend.*

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I: *Home of Mrs. Paine in Ohio. Group of women sewing.*

Mrs. Paine. How different it is to be making garments for some one we know.

Mrs. Smith. Yes, it is. Just think, Mary Reed was in school with us and now she is a missionary in India, and we at home are making clothes for the children in her schools!

Mrs. Ross. It must be lonely for her so far away from home, alone in a foreign land. You know how she always wanted a crowd of people about. She never would go anywhere alone.

Mrs. Paine. She seems so happy to be at home again. I asked her why she did not stay longer, but she smiled and said, "I can't, there is so much to be done in India. I hope to have many, many years to work there; even then I shall be able to do so little."

Mrs. Smith. She is just as nice and lovable and happy as when she was a girl. I confess, I expected she would be rather changed, more sober and—well, perhaps a little queer. [*Laughs softly.*] But she isn't a bit.

[*Enter Mrs. Ellis.*

Mrs. Ellis. I have just left Mary Reed.

Mrs. Ross. I did not know that she had returned from New York. How is she?

Mrs. Ellis. I don't know how I can tell you the dreadful truth.

Mrs. Paine. What is it?

Mrs. Smith. What has happened? [*All stop sewing.*]

Mrs. Ellis. You know how Mary has complained of that pain in her finger.

Mrs. Paine. Yes, she said it had troubled her for months.

Mrs. Ellis. Yes, it has. Lately Mary has had an idea what caused it, but she was not sure. That white spot on her face made her think of what it might be.

Mrs. Paine. I wondered what that was. It looks as bad as when she first came home. I asked her about it. She said she was going to see a doctor.

Mrs. Ellis. Well, she has. First she went to Dr. Cameron here in the city. He sent her to New York.

Mrs. Smith. Well, what is it?

Mrs. Ellis. How can I tell you the truth? It is awful.

Mrs. Ross. Do you mean cancer?

Mrs. Ellis. No, worse, far worse than that.

All. Worse?

Mrs. Paine. I did not think anything could be worse. What is it?

Mrs. Ellis. Leprosy!

All. Leprosy!

Mrs. Ross. Why, I did not know that any one had that disease now-a-days. I thought that belonged to Bible times.

Mrs. Ellis. Many people in the east still have it. A few even in America.

Mrs. Smith. What will Mary do? She can't return to her missionary work; she can't remain here. Where do they send lepers?

Mrs. Paine. That awful word—lepers! To think of Mary Reed a *leper.* What will she do?

Mrs. Ellis. She has asked to be returned to India, to be sent as a worker in a leper colony there.

Mrs. Paine. How terrible! It was bad enough to have her in India working with the natives, but to have her there living with the lepers is impossible.

Mrs. Ross. She will not be allowed to see the other missionaries, will she?

Mrs. Ellis. No; she will be forced to spend her days in the leper colony, seldom going outside its grounds. She says there will be work for her to do there among the afflicted people. Few of them have ever heard the gospel story. She returns at once. No one else is to know the truth until after she is gone. She will not tell her own family—worse than that—she plans to slip away without saying goodbye to her mother lest in her emotion at parting she should betray her secret and her mother contract the disease.

Mrs. Ross. This is too awful to be true. I can't sew any longer. [*Folds her work.*] I must go home. [*All rise and make ready to go.*]

Mrs. Ellis. Mary said we had been friends so long that she knew she could count on us to keep

her secret and to help her be brave through the hard experience before her.

Mrs. Ross. Who but God can help her? Friends are powerless at a time like this.

[*Exeunt all.*

CURTAIN

EPILOGUE

Reader. So it was that Mary Reed returned to India. Young, educated, beloved, but stricken with that dread disease, leprosy, that incurable scourge from which every one flees and whose victims are forced to live in isolation. It must have been a veritable Gethsemane into which Mary Reed entered, but when she emerged she, too, was able to say, "Not my will, but thine be done." Steadfastly she set her face toward India. In a Mission to Lepers in the Himalaya Mountains she found her place as superintendent of the institution where she was to live and work as long as her health should permit. No complaint ever passed her lips. She looked upon her affliction as a definite appointment to a peculiar field and bravely took up her unexpected and wearisome task. Day after day she ministered to that stricken people, striving to make their days less miserable and to bring healing to their troubled spirits, though no healing was possible for the disfigured bodies. It was a common sight on a Sabbath morning to see the women come slowly from their rooms and gather on the hillside near Mary Reed's

cottage. As they waited for the men who approached with difficulty and pain from their more distant quarters, the women sang the hymns they had learned while in the mission. The sound of their voices in praise and petition floated in through the open windows of the hospital, bearing comfort and peace to the more grievously afflicted who were unable to leave their beds of pain. When the group on the hillside was complete it numbered not only men and women but children in its circle, for so common is leprosy in India that even the children cannot escape. But this group on Sunday morning did not think of its unfortunate condition, but listened with eager interest to the story of the Son of Man who went about healing the sick and the sinful and who sent the Comforter with the power to turn sorrow into joy. As they listened they knew that the story was being told them not by an outsider but by one of their own kind, a leper, though a missionary, Mary Reed. In her case the disease seemed to be miraculously stayed. Long was she able to minister to the needy people whom she had come to know through the path of tragedy. Of her days of loneliness, of sensitive shrinking from the curse that was upon her, of her imprisonment among the loathsome and revolting wrecks of humanity, of her loss of congenial companions, of the agony of mind as she realized that never again would she be permitted to see her homeland, her family or her friends no one ever knew. Her lips were sealed. Courageously she took up her task and performed it with the conscientiousness and

devotion that had characterized all her previous labors. Well might she say with Frances Havergal,

"Alone, alone, yet not alone,
. . . . . .
His love is near,
I need not fear
Beneath the shadow of His throne.
Alone, Alone, yet not alone."

Such is the story of Mary Reed and her work for the lepers of India.

[*Exit Reader.*

CURTAIN

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY

CHARACTERS:

American woman missionary.
Two native helpers.
Hu King, *first a girl of ten; later a young woman.*
Chinese woman, *mother of Hu King.*
Group of Chinese children.
Group of American children.
Group of American high school girls.
Group of Chinese girls of same age.
Three Chinese women.
A Chinese mother-in-law.
An American family, father, mother and baby girl.
Chinese woman with a baby and little girl.

ACT I

SCENE I: *Street in China. Children playing games, laughing and talking.*

[*Enter Missionary and helpers.*

Missionary. Here are children. Why not stop here?

Helper. This is a good place. Here are nearly a dozen children already. Let's begin now. [*Opens scroll containing Bible pictures. Children stop playing and watch.*]

First Child. What are they doing?

Second Helper. [*Sings any familiar hymn.*]

Second Child. Who are they? [*Goes nearer to missionary.*]

Third Child. Don't go near! They are Jesus people.

Fourth Child. They won't hurt us. I want to hear the song again. [*Helper sings again.*]

Missionary. Would you like to learn that song?

Children. Yes! Yes! [*Helper teaches song.*]

Missionary. Now let's all sing it together. [*All sing.*]

Missionary. [*Holds up picture.*] Do you see this picture? [*Shows "Christ Blessing the Children." If this picture is not available, another one showing the Saviour may be used.*] If you will come nearer I'll tell you a story about it. [*Children do not move.*] Are you afraid of me? I'll give you each a picture. [*Gives a card to each child.*]

First Helper. Let's all go over in the shade. I'll teach you another song and the teacher will tell us a story.

[*Exeunt natives. All children but one follow.*

Hu King. I'll help, lady. [*Picks up scroll. Looks at picture.*] He has kind face. He like little girls?

Missionary. Yes, he likes all children; both boys and girls. I like little girls, too. But you do not belong with these children. You come from a better home. How did you come here?

Hu King. [*Glances about quickly.*] I slipped away when no one was looking. There are no little

children at home for me to play with. Please let me stay.

Missionary. Well, let us join the others.

[*Exeunt Missionary and Hu King.*

CURTAIN

SCENE II: *Twelve years later. Room in Chinese home. Hu King seated at table writing. Mother seated near.*

Mother. Almost my heart fails me when I think of letting you go to far-off America.

Hu King. I know how you feel. Sometimes I am almost afraid myself, only I don't dare to let myself be.

Mother. Your life will be different from mine. Already it has been. I am of the old order; you are of the new. My feet were bound when I was a tiny child; even to-day they are less than four inches long. You, my child, have never had to suffer the agony of bound and aching feet.

Daughter. [*Goes to mother, sits at her feet.*] You have suffered much, my mother, not only on account of your own bound feet, but because you allowed mine to go unbound.

Mother. You were the first child of an aristocratic family to grow up with your feet free. Hard things were said about me because I allowed it. Had your father not had wealth and power and education we might not have been able to protect you.

Daughter. All my life I will bless you for what you have done for me. Now you are sending me to America to study.

Mother. A new day is dawning for China. We have lived in ignorance too long. Now all is to be changed. Our people are waking up. We shall see many things happen in the next few years. There will be changes in government, in our systems of education, in our religious life and in our customs for girls and women. You must be ready to meet the new day. The women of China will need help. Who knows, you may be their champion.

Daughter. I wonder what the future will bring.

Mother. It will bring education to our girls. You will live to see the day when there will be schools for girls as well as for boys. Medicine will bring healing and relief to many. If in America you find a way to learn of the power of healing I bid you learn all you can. I pray that the day may come soon when many women physicians shall be found in China. Our women suffer and die when knowledge could help them. Promise me, daughter, that if the way opens in America for you to study medicine that you will accept it.

Daughter. Why, mother, how can I study medicine? I know so little now.

Mother. America is not like China. It is a wonderful land. There girls and women can do whatever they like. You must learn much and return to help the women of China.

Daughter. I promise you, I will do the utmost for myself and for the women of China.

Mother. [*Places hand on shoulder of daughter.*] China will be proud of my daughter some day.

Daughter. China can never be proud of a girl, especially one who is defying all the customs of the country.

Mother. When the missionary was here this afternoon she left a message for you. She says you are to learn it and keep it for your motto while you are in America. [*Gives girl a letter.*]

Daughter. [*Opening letter.*] I wonder what the motto is. [*Reads.*] "Who knoweth but thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Why, what does it mean?

Mother. The missionary said each year you would understand its meaning better.

Daughter. Then, I suppose I must wait. Shall I sing to you?

Mother. Yes, daughter, this is our last evening together before you leave us to go alone to America, the land of dreams, there to learn to be an educated Christian Chinese woman. Sing to me the beautiful song of that land.

Daughter. [*Sings "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies."*]

Mother. [*Rises, stretches out her arms.*] America, America, I send my daughter to thee to be trained. Keep her safe and return her to me again.

Daughter. Mother!

Mother. Daughter! [*Women embrace.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE III: *Eight years later. Hu King's room in America. Chinese flag on wall, bags, books and garments scattered about. (The stage should be divided from left to right by a thin curtain of coarse, open mesh. Hu King's room occupies the front portion, while her "visions" appear in the rear portion.)*

[*Enter Hu King.*

Hu King. [*Puts a few articles in bag.*] Tomorrow I sail for China. Eight years have I been in America. I have studied in the schools, I have been in training in the hospitals, I have worshiped in the churches. I have tried to learn everything which could possibly help the women of China. I have met many people, most of whom have been kind to me. A few have been very, very good and have helped me, others have not liked me because I came from China. America has taught me much. At first I was disappointed. I thought America was not the land of which I had dreamed, for here I saw sin and suffering and sorrow. But I also discovered hope in the midst, for the Christian people everywhere throughout the country are working to help the people, to improve conditions and to free the land from sin, but China suffers without hope. Oh, my country, shall I be able to help you? You are so large. I am so small. I am almost afraid. Everything in China is so different from what it is here. Just now as I came in I saw the American children playing in the park. [*Seats herself in front of a table, rests arms on table and gazes into*

distance.] I can see them now, so happy and carefree.

[*Behind the thin curtain appears a group of prettily dressed American children playing, "Did you ever see a lassie?" About three children should be "it" before the scene closes. If the transparent curtain is not available, another may be used and drawn before and after each scene.*]

Hu King. They were so happy. I thought of the children in my home city in China. They have no attractive playground. They must play in the street. They know no pretty singing games, they have no one to teach them. They quarrel instead of sing. Oh, my poor little Chinese boys and girls! Who will help you?

[*Behind the curtain appears a group of poorly-dressed Chinese children. They should be in dark clothes in contrast with the bright colors of the American children. Black braids of cloth for cues may be pinned to the inside of the boys' caps. Eyebrows may be blackened to help produce the likeness of Chinese. The children tease one another, quarrel and stand about.*] [*Exeunt Children.*

Hu King. Some one must help the children of China. Shall I be able? Then there are the girls of fifteen and sixteen. How different is their lot from that of American girls of the same age. [*Sound of voices outside.*] I hear the high school girls coming now. [*Goes to window.*] How happy they are.

[*Behind the transparent curtain a group of school girls, dressed in middies with school bags and sweaters pass across the stage, laughing and talking.*]

Hu King. No one ever saw a sight like that in China. Why, most girls are married before they are fifteen. After that they live in the homes of their husbands and do the drudgery of the house. Only a few of us ever escape.

[*Scene behind curtain. A Chinese kitchen. One girl cooking, another preparing vegetables, yet another caring for a baby, while a fourth is trying to mend. A group of women are in one corner talking. An older woman, the mother-in-law, goes from one girl to another, inspecting the work and finding fault.*]

[*Curtain.*

Hu King. There is no girlhood in China. The most wonderful thing in America, to me, is the *home.* Here a mother is loved and honored. The father is good to her, even if she is the mother of daughters. In China no man was ever kind to a woman who gave him daughters. Girls are not wanted. Only boys are welcomed. An American home—there is nothing more beautiful in all the world.

[*An American home is represented. Let it be a well-known family of the community, a father, mother and girl baby, and if possible, other children. Mother, holding babe, is seated. Father stands back and at one side, gazing fondly at mother and child. Other children*

about the group looking at baby. All say, "Isn't *she* a dear!"

[*Curtain.*

Hu King. There is no Chinese *home.* The women live in one part of the house, the men in another. Seldom does a woman see her husband. They have no chance to talk together; no home for which to plan. Unless she be the mother of sons, the woman is not loved.

[*Chinese scene. At left a mother with babe in her arms, a little girl clinging to her skirts. At right, mother-in-law, who raises her arm threateningly.*]

Mother-in-law. Go, leave this house. You are cursed by the gods. They send you no children—only *girls.* Who wants girls? Too many in the world now.

Mother. My babies! I love them if they are girls.

Mother-in-law. Then take them and go. There is no place for you here. You have offended the gods. You will bring bad luck to this house. Go!

[*Exeunt mother and children. Curtain.*

Hu King. Ah, girls and women of China, you need a friend! I am coming to you. All that I have learned is yours. I may not be able to help much but I am ready to do what I can. [*Pauses.*] I shall not be afraid. I go not alone, but in the name of one who said, "My grace is sufficient." To-morrow I sail for my homeland—China, the land of oppressed women. [*Moves nearer front, extends hands.*] To you, America, the land of promise ful-

filled, the land of my training and preparation, the land of inspirations—farewell. [*Drops hands.*] Yet not farewell, for into that other land I take with me the emblem of your liberty and freedom to encourage me as I work for the liberty and freedom of my people. [*Takes from some place, where it has been concealed, an American flag and holds it aloft.*] "America, America, God shed his grace on thee," and mayest thou in turn shed blessings upon the other nations of the world, even as thou hast blessed me.

CURTAIN

THE INFLUENCE OF A STORY

CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Moffatt, *mother of Robert.*
Morris Moffatt, *a boy of seventeen.*
Robert Moffatt { *a boy of ten.* / *a young man of nineteen.*
Margaret Moffatt { *a girl of fifteen.* / *a woman of thirty-six.*
Douglas { *a young man, friend of Robert.* / *a man, twenty-one years later.*
A man, *a traveler.*

ACT I

SCENE I: *A living-room in a Scotch home. At right of open fire Mrs. Moffatt is seated, reading aloud (any appropriate selection of prose or poetry). Margaret at left, knitting. Morris at left, drawing. Robert, a boy of ten, lying on the floor, gazing into the fire.*

Robert. Please do not read any more, mother. Tell us a story.

Margaret. You are always teasing for stories.

Robert. Mother knows such good ones. Please tell the one you told last night about the man who went to Greenland.

Mother. How many times have I told you that

story? You ought to know it. (If preferred a story of one of the early Moravian missionaries may be told here.)

Robert. He was so brave. Just think, he went way over across the ocean alone to live with the people in Greenland! He must have seen lots of queer things. I should like to go there when I am a man. Wouldn't you, Morris?

Morris. I don't know.

Mother. [*Rises.*] It is time for you to go somewhere else now, Robert. Come, it is already past your bedtime.

Robert. [*Goes to mother.*] Will you tell me a story when we get upstairs?

Mother. Yes, if you wish it. Come.

[*Exeunt Mother and Robert.*

CURTAIN

SCENE II: *Nine years later (audience should be kept informed of passage of time). Robert and Douglas walking along country road.*

Robert. I want to tell you of a new position that has been offered to me. It is a splendid one, too!

Douglas. [*Stops.*] Most any one would think you had one now. To be gardener on a large estate is a rather good position for a fellow of nineteen.

Robert. So it is, but this new one is even better.

Douglas. What is it?

Robert. It is to have charge of the flowers in a London greenhouse. Think of the people I should meet! Think of the great speakers I could hear! On Sundays I would go to the hospitals and take flowers to the sick. Perhaps some day I might own a business of my own. I don't intend to always work for some one else.

Douglas. It surely is a good chance. Do you mean to take it?

Robert. I am not sure. I think so. [*Stops before a poster.*] What is this? [*Reads.*] Missionary meeting, Guild Hall, Warrington, Thursday evening, July 25th. Speaker, Rev. William Roby of Manchester.

Douglas. Well, you can't go there. That date is past and gone. [*Robert continues to gaze at poster.*] What is the matter?

Robert. I was thinking.

[*Man enters from left, approaches boys.*

Stranger. Do you know Roby?

Douglas. No. We only just now saw the poster as we were passing.

Stranger. Then you did not hear him speak?

Douglas. No; we live at High Leigh, six miles away. We came to Warrington to-night to do some purchasing at the stores.

Stranger. Sorry you did not hear Mr. Roby. He is a great missionary. He has had some thrilling experiences. You should have heard him tell about them. He sends young men out to the heathen, too. Well, if ever you have a chance to hear Mr. Roby, don't miss it. Good-day. [*Exit man, right.*

Douglas. Come, we must be moving if we reach the shops before they close.

Robert. Shops? Oh, yes, I had forgotten. Douglas, you go on and leave me here. I want to be alone. I must think this out.

Douglas. Think what out?

Robert. I can't tell you just now. Leave me for awhile. Later I will talk with you. I want to be alone.

Douglas. Just as you say. I'll go on to the shops and return in an hour or so. Will you wait?

Robert. Yes, I'll be here. [*Drops head in hands.*]

Douglas. [*Aside.*] How strangely he acts!

[*Exit Douglas.*

Robert. [*Raises head.*] Why should I suddenly remember my mother's stories? Why do the tales of those old Moravian missionaries who went to Greenland and Labrador come to me again? I seem to see my mother's face and to hear her voice as she told of their sacrifice, their hardship and danger. I can feel again the thrill which came to me as I listened. How I used to wish to become like those brave men and to go on such noble adventures! I had completely forgotten those dreams. [*Rises, goes toward poster.*] Somehow this poster has recalled those childhood dreams. That man said Mr. Roby sent young men out to work with the heathen. I wonder if he would send me? No, that could not be. I have never been to college—no, not even to an academy. All the education I have had

is what I received at the parish school. About all I learned there was the catechism. [*Pauses.*] But I am strong, I can work; surely there must be a place for me somewhere in foreign lands. I am young. I can even go to school again. I will prepare myself for the work. If this is God's call he will help me as I strive to make myself fit for service in the mission field. [*Looks again at poster.*] I believe I'll go to see the man. If he won't send me, perhaps he will tell me what to do to make myself ready. I'll go meet Douglas. I'll take him along to keep up my courage, but before I sleep I'll call on Mr. Roby and tell him my new desire to be a missionary.

[*Exit Robert.*

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I: *Same as Act I, Scene I. Twelve years later. Margaret Moffatt seated at right, reading letters.*

[*Enter Douglas.*

Douglas. Ah, Margaret, here I am. Morris said you had interesting news for me.

Margaret. Yes, Douglas, another letter from Robert. I was reading it again. It is so wonderful to think of Robert doing such good work among the natives of Africa.

Douglas. What an experience he has had! Surely he was destined to go to Africa or the way would not have opened so easily for him.

Margaret. Mr. Roby arranged everything for him in the beginning.

Douglas. Yes, he interested the society in Robert. He found work for him with Mr. Smith during his year of waiting. Then he met Mary. I have often thought how hard it must have been for him to sail for Africa, leaving behind the girl whom he had learned to care for during the year he spent in her home.

Margaret. It was hard for Mary, too. Her heart was with Robert, yet her duty was to her parents, who refused to let her go so far from home. She has often told me of the agony of the first hours after Robert sailed. Her fear lest she should never see him again, her longing to be with him and her desire not to grieve her parents were almost too great a burden for any girl.

Douglas. She was a brave girl. I was so glad when her parents at last gave their consent for her to join Robert in Africa. It was a brave thing for a girl to do, to start alone on that long trip. I confess I feared Mary's courage would fail her at last.

Margaret. But it did not, and now for seven years she and Robert have worked together with the dark people of Africa. The chief of the province is very fond of Robert because he can do so many helpful things for him.

Douglas. I wish he would do more for Robert.

Sometimes he declares he will take his stand on the side of Christianity, but has he yet done so?

Margaret. Yes, Robert is sure that Afrikaner is now completely won to the side of Christianity. He has learned to read well during these past years, as you know. Now he spends hours reading his Testament. Robert says night after night he and Afrikaner talk way into the morning hours, Afrikaner asking questions and Robert explaining. But the convincing proof of his conversion is that he was willing to accompany Robert to Cape Town and go into the presence of the governor. You remember this is the man who refused permission to Robert to go as a missionary beyond the border of the Colony. He doubted the wisdom of Robert's work in Africa, so you can imagine what it meant to Robert when he was able to usher into the presence of the governor, the notorious outlaw, Afrikaner, for whose head a thousand dollars had been offered, but now no outlaw, but a Christian, law-abiding citizen.

Douglas. That surely was a convincing argument for the power of the gospel.

Margaret. I hesitate to tell you all that Robert wrote, for I fear he is in danger. For many months no rain has fallen. The land is dry and barren. There is no grass for the cattle, and one by one they are dying. There is scarcely food enough for the natives, who look like mere skeletons. The rain-maker has resorted to trick after trick to gain time until the rain shall fall. He has used charms and called for sacrifices of goats and oxen, he has

played upon the superstitions of the natives in every possible way. At last, desperate, he has told them that the presence of the missionaries frightens the clouds away and no rain can be expected while these people are in the country. The people are desperate with hunger and suffering, and Robert fears lest in their frenzied condition they may insist on the missionaries leaving this territory. It would be a terrible blow to him. I only hope they will spare his life.

Douglas. Think of other dangerous situations he has met and passed through! Surely God will give his angels charge over him and keep him from harm.

Margaret. Yes, God will do his part. If only the people of the homeland would do theirs! What can one man do alone among thousands and thousands of natives? Surely there must be some one else who is willing to serve his Master in Africa. God must be calling young men to-day as he called Robert twelve years ago. Why do they not answer?

Douglas. Give me Robert's letter. I am going up and down this land telling his story and reading his letters. Surely they will make their own appeal. Of the many who hear some one must answer. I will begin at our own service to-night. To-morrow I start for London. Help must be sent at once or all the work that has been accomplished may be undone. While I am away, Margaret, you can help, even though you remain at home, for you can answer the Master's command, "Pray ye the

Lord of the harvest that he shall send forth laborers into his harvest."

Margaret. That will I do, and may they speedily be found.

[*Exit Douglas.*

CURTAIN

EPILOGUE

Reader. Would you know more of the work of Robert and Mary Moffatt? Would you know how for forty years they lived and worked among the black people of Africa, until not only one man, but many, were brought to Christ? Would you learn of Robert Moffatt's first return to England after an absence of twenty-two years, of how his days were spent in going up and down the land speaking to the people and telling of "the smoke of a thousand villages," where no missionary had ever been? All this you may read in the written records of the lives of these two brave servants of God. I am to tell you of another work done by Robert Moffatt. In the days of his first return visit to London, a certain young man was ever to be found in the audience when Robert Moffatt was to speak. This young man had finished his theological training and his medical studies and was waiting for an opportunity to go to China, as a medical missionary. As he listened to the older man tell of the needs of Africa a desire to share in

work for that almost unknown continent burned in his heart. Day after day he considered the question until at last he made his decision—he would go to Africa. In 1840 he sailed for that country, there to do a work which made his name known round the world, for this young man was David Livingstone, the great African missionary and explorer. Unto him Robert Moffatt married his oldest child, Mary, and together with them he planned for the future of Africa. Yet Robert Moffatt lived to see her, his first-born, buried beneath African soil, to see his wife, that helpful and loved companion of many years, pass before him into the promised land, to witness the ceremony as the body of David Livingstone was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Aged, alone, he lived on, dreaming of the day when Africa should be illumined by the "Light of the World" and no longer be called "the dark continent."

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

THE MISSIONARY BARREL

CHARACTERS:

Marion, Jessie, Frances, Ethel, Mabel, Jane, Mildred, Elizabeth, Esther — *High school girls, members of Girls' Service Club of Grace Church.*

Mr. Bragg, *home missionary in the west.*
Mrs. Bragg, *his wife.*
Betty, *a girl of seventeen, daughter of Mr. Bragg.*
Eleanor, *a girl of ten, daughter of Mr. Bragg.*
Jack, *a boy of eight, son of Mr. Bragg.*
Two men.

ACT I

SCENE I: *Church parlor. Barrel in center of room. Table and chair at left. Other chairs at right. Package on one chair. Marion and Esther looking into barrel.*

Marion. It is a big one. I wonder if we shall have enough to fill it. [*Looks at watch.*] I hope

the girls will not be late. I am a little early, but as I am president of the Girls' Service Club I feel responsible. This barrel must be sent on time. This is the very first time the girls of this church have ever been allowed to do anything all by themselves. I know some of the women are confident that the wrong things will be put in the barrel, but I know better. I wrote to Mrs. Bragg, the home missionary's wife, and asked her to tell me about her family. I told her we were interested in them, but did not say why. She wrote me the nicest kind of a letter, telling me about each person, so we quite feel as though we really know them.

[*Enter Jessie and Frances with bundles.*

Jessie and Frances. Hello, Marion.

Jessie. We knew you would be here.

Marion. I'm so glad you have come. I hope all the girls will come early.

Frances. I hope so, too. I can hardly wait to see what they bring.

[*Sound of voices and laughter outside.*

Jessie. Some one is coming.

[*Enter five girls laden with bundles.*

Girls. Here we are. [*Put bundles on table.*]

Marion. Now let's open the bundles so we can see what we have.

[*All begin to open bundles.*

Frances. Wait until you see what I have.

Esther. I have a real surprise.

Jane. So have I.

Mildred. I am not saying anything, but later I'll show you what our minister gave me.

Frances. [*Holds up girl's suit.*] Look! It is for Betty. Her measurements are the same as mine. Mother bought two suits just alike, one for Betty and one for me. I said I would wear my blue serge dress to school again instead of having the new dress mother had promised me if she would buy this suit for Betty.

Jane. What a fancy you have taken to Betty, a girl you have never seen!

Frances. I suppose it does seem strange. I wrote to her and she answered. I liked her letter so I wrote again and now we write frequently. Our birthdays are on the same day. We are the same height. We both want to go to the same college, only Betty says she doesn't see how she can. Her father's salary is so small.

Jessie. I should not want to be a missionary's daughter and have to live out west, miles from a city. Think of not being able to go to a store and having to be dressed out of a barrel that some one had sent.

Jane. I have something for Betty, too. This dress is too small for me, so mother had our dressmaker alter it to fit Betty. I must tell you the strangest thing that happened. While the woman was working on the dress I told her about the barrel and what we girls were doing, sending the extra things as a surprise in addition to what the women were packing. I told her, too, of the fun we had had planning the contents. Then I told her about the missionary's family, especially about Betty. When she finished the dress she gave me this box,

which she said was to go with the dress. See what is in it! [*All look.*]

All. Oh! Oh!

Mabel. Beads!

Elizabeth. Coral ones, too.

Esther. Won't they look pretty on that dark dress?

Jane. Wasn't it kind of her to do it? I heard her tell mother that she never had been much interested in missions before.

Marion. Maybe she will be now.

Jessie. My gift is for the mother. [*Holds up an envelope.*]

Esther. In that envelope?

Elizabeth. What can it be?

Jessie. A year's subscription to a magazine. Mother said that a woman who lived miles from a town, in a lonely section of the country, would enjoy receiving a magazine once a month.

Mabel. Of course, she would. I can hardly wait for ours to come, especially when I am reading a continued story.

Elizabeth. My package is for little Eleanor and Jack. [*Opens package.*]

All. Toys!

Esther. Just what children love.

Elizabeth. Mrs. Allen gave me this doll. [*Shows doll.*] It belonged to little Ruth, who died last spring. When Mrs. Allen gave it to me she said, "Ruth doesn't need it now, but perhaps some other little girl may." She made the dress new for Eleanor.

Marion. Girls, let's all go and see Mrs. Allen some afternoon. She must be very lonely without Ruth.

Esther. Yes, let's go. I have an idea. Why not go next Saturday afternoon and tell her about the barrel and the things we sent in it?

Frances. Good idea. Second the motion.

Marion. How many can meet here at three o'clock?

All. I can.

Marion. Then we will go Saturday. Mildred, what have you in that box?

Mildred. This is our pastor's gift. [*Opens box, girls look in.*]

All. Books.

Mildred. Mr. Jackson said every minister needed books. These are some new ones which Mr. Jackson said the missionary probably would not have. Isn't it just like our minister to send new books instead of old ones that he did not care for any more?

Frances. Of course, our minister would do that. Doesn't he always do the right thing?

Jessie. That's what I think.

Mabel. "So say we all of us."

All. [*Sing.*] "So say we all of us."

Mabel. My uncle gave me this suit. He said a man who was willing to spend his life miles away from friends and home in order that he might help others must be a real man. Then he told a man in his office about our barrel and the man sent out this overcoat. It is almost as good as new.

Marion. You certainly did well, Mabel. Mr. Bragg will remember our barrel. What have you in that pretty box, Esther?

Esther. I'll tell you, but I don't dare open it.

All. Don't dare?

Esther. No. I am afraid it will not be safe.

Frances. What's in it?

Esther. It is filled with nuts and Christmas candy.

All. Oh! Oh!

Esther. I am afraid there would not be much left for the missionary's family if I gave you girls a chance at the box first. [*All laugh.*]

Mabel. Maybe you are right.

Marion. I have the ornaments for the Christmas tree in this box. We are sending the barrel so early it will surely arrive before Christmas. In this package are the shoes and stockings for Jack from the Junior Department of the Sunday School. Who brought the dress for Eleanor?

Ethel. I did. I asked Mrs. Davis to help us. She gave me a tam for Eleanor, also a pair of slippers for Betty. They are in this box. She showed them to me and then made me promise not to open the box again.

Esther. I should think she might have given you something more. She is the richest woman in the church. Why, she can have everything she wants.

Ethel. I did the best I could. I told her all about Betty; how she wanted to go to college, what interesting letters she wrote and how poor she is just because her father is a missionary. She

seemed very much interested and asked lots of questions, but this is the result.

Marion. We should be thankful for what she did give. It helps fill the barrel. I have money enough to pay the freight, so that the missionary will have no expense. We want our barrel to be a real Christmas gift. Now, let's go across the street to Mrs. Green's store and get paper and red string with which to tie the packages.

Frances. Perhaps she will give it to us.

[*Exeunt all.*

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I: *Living-room of home missionary. Eleanor and Jack looking at pictures. Betty standing at window.*

Betty. [*Comes to center of room.*] I suppose I was mean to pretend not to hear, but I can't help it. I don't want any old barrel. I know there is one at the station. If there isn't, then why did the agent call to me when I passed? It will take all our Christmas money to pay the freight, just as it did last year. I do want the children to have a real Christmas tree this year, with decorations and candy. I hate barrels. Nothing in them any one wants. I'd like to send one to some of the churches that send them to us. [*Voices outside.*]

Who is that? [*Goes to window.*] Oh, it has come! I knew it would. Oh, dear, dear, dear!

[*Enter father.*

Father. Why daughter, what is the trouble?

Betty. That old barrel. Why did they send it? Who wants their old things?

[*Enter men with barrel.*

Jack. I'll go for the hammer.

Betty. It would never be opened if I had my way.

Father. Daughter, daughter, don't speak so. The people intend to be kind.

Betty. I don't care for their type of kindness. [*Picks up book. Seats herself in chair with back to barrel.*] [*Father opens barrel. Jack and Eleanor dance around in great excitement.*]

Jack. I hope there is candy in it.

Eleanor. I'd rather have a doll.

[*Enter Mother.*

Mother. How much was the freight?

Father. It was paid.

Betty. [*Turning around suddenly.*] Paid! This is the first time that ever happened. Must have been an accident. Some one sent the barrel who did not know the custom. [*Reads again.*]

Mother. Let us see the contents. There may be something for the tree at the church. [*Takes out box of toys.*]

Betty. No hope.

Jack. Look at the toys!

Eleanor. What a lot! Oh, there's a doll! We can give lots of these to the other children.

Mother. They surely will help.

Father. Here is something with your name on it, Eleanor. [*Gives package to Eleanor.*]

Eleanor. My name? How strange! [*Opens package.*] A new dress and a tam. Oh, goody, goody!

Betty. You are in luck, this time. [*Eleanor holds up dress, tries on tam. Betty joins the group.*]

Eleanor. I shall wear them on Christmas day.

Father. We all seem to be remembered. Here is a package for each one of us. [*Distributes packages. All open them. Jack goes to corner, puts on shoes.*]

Mother. A year's subscription to a magazine. This will be an all-the-year present. One we can all enjoy. Here is a suit and a hat for me. I am afraid no one will recognize the missionary's family when Eleanor and I appear with our new clothes on.

Father. You won't be alone, for I also have a suit.

Mother. I'm so glad, though I could almost wish your present had been an overcoat instead of a suit.

Father. Why not wish for both? [*Holds out coat in one hand, suit in the other.*]

All. Oh, oh, both!

Jack. [*Holding up foot.*] Look at my new shoes! Best ones I ever had.

Mother. What have you, Betty?

Betty. I am ashamed to show it. I have a suit and a beautiful dress and beads to wear with it. I'm sorry I said such mean things about barrels.

But I didn't know one could be as nice as this.

Mother. It certainly is unusual. You see, dear, a different church sends the barrel each year. Some women understand better than others what a family needs. The ladies who packed this barrel have evidently had years of experience in sending barrels.

Eleanor. How did they know our names?

Mother. I had not thought of that.

Betty. I can guess. I think Frances must have told the women about us.

Father. Perhaps this letter will explain. [*Mother reads letter.*]

Mother. The dear girls! A group of high school girls in the church packed this barrel. That is why Marion wrote me about our family. The girls planned the barrel—secured all the things and sent them to us.

Father. Here is something else for Betty.

Betty. [*Opens package. Reads card on top.*] "To help make your dearest wish come true." What have slippers to do with my dearest wish?

Jack. Perhaps you wished that your feet wouldn't get cold.

Betty. Of course, I've wished that often, but I hardly think that is my dearest wish.

Eleanor. Please try them on. If they are too small, maybe I can wear them. I think they are pretty.

Betty. [*Attempts to put one on.*] I can't get it on. There is something in the toe. [*Puts in fingers.*] Paper. [*Pulls it out.*] Money! [*Unrolls*

bills.] A ten-dollar bill, a twenty, another, and another. [*All gather near Betty.*]

Jack. The other one is full, too.

Betty. [*Takes money from other slipper.*] Here is a note. [*Reads aloud.*] "To help a girl whose father and mother spend all their days in helping other people's boys and girls. May this money open the door to college for Betty." Isn't it wonderful! I do want to go so much. Now I can.

Father. Mother and I hoped to manage some way so that you could go for at least a year, but this gift does indeed open the way.

Mother. This will certainly be a joyful Christmas. Now let us go and write a letter to those dear girls.

Eleanor. May I write a letter of my own? I want to thank them myself for my things.

Jack. I'd like to thank them, but I don't want to write any letter. You write for me, Eleanor.

[*Exeunt father, mother, Eleanor and Jack.*

Betty. [*Facing audience, puts arms around barrel.*] Oh, you beautiful barrel! Some day I'm going to send one just as nice as you to some other missionary family.

CURTAIN

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

CHARACTERS:

Grace, Mabel, Blanche, Maud, Jannette, Elizabeth — *College Seniors.*

Group of college girls.
Japanese girl.
Hindu widow.
Chinese girl.
Armenian girl.

ACT I

SCENE I: *A girl's room at a college dormitory. Banners on wall, books on table, chafing dish on table. Six girls eating fudge and talking.*

Mabel. Not many more "feeds" for us, girls, in this old room.

Grace. Only four weeks more and college will be over and we shall be scattered to the four winds of the earth. This place will see us no more.

Blanche. I think we have done our part to make things interesting while we have been here. [*Laughs.*] I'm sure we shall be missed.

Maud. What good times we have had! I, for

one, am sorry to leave. I wish we were all coming back again next year.

Jannette. I can't say that. I've enjoyed being here as much as any one. I surely have had some jolly good times. I shall miss you terribly, but I am anxious to get out into the world and *do something.*

Maud. Of course, I didn't mean to stay here always. But I hate to think of this bunch that has been everywhere together for the last four years scattered all over the country and not able to get together only at reunions.

Grace. It will be great fun to receive the letters, though. Where do you suppose we shall all be five years from to-night?

Mabel. I know what I shall probably be doing—correcting *themes.*

Jannette. You should not have majored in English if you did not want to teach it.

Mabel. Why, I'd rather be an English teacher than anything else in the world! But I don't like to think of reading so many papers.

Blanche. You will never find me teaching. I'm going into newspaper work. Maybe I'll be on the *Times* [*name of any local paper*] and perhaps be sent out to report one of Maud's receptions.

Maud. You need not think that I shall spend all my time giving receptions. Just because my father happens to have money is no reason why his only daughter should be just a social butterfly. I'm going to do social service work. Dad and I have lots of plans. He says some of the things I

want to do are impractical, but I'm going into his factory to see for myself.

Jannette. Listen to her, girls! I believe she is on the way to being a real socialist. In the future I shall look carefully at every soap-box orator I pass to see if it is Maud.

Maud. [*Throws pillow.*] You need not laugh at me. I'll show you some day that I can do something worth while in the world. My father's money isn't going to keep me from it.

Mabel. No need to ask Elizabeth what she is going to do. Diamonds speak louder than words. [*Holds up Elizabeth's left hand. All laugh.*]

Blanche. It is nice to have one engaged girl in the crowd. Let's have our first reunion at her home. Never mind being invited.

Elizabeth. You may be sure of a most cordial welcome. Girls, I don't want you to think of me as just being married and thinking only of Harry and myself. I want to make our home a real home. Harry's mother died when he was fourteen. Ever since then he has boarded. I want our home to be so pleasant that it will make him forget those homeless years.

Maud. You dear thing, of course it will! Having you will make him forget all his unpleasant experiences.

Elizabeth. But that isn't all my plan. Harry says that in his office are a number of nice fellows who have no homes but are boarding. I'm going to take turns having them at the house for Sunday dinner.

Jannette. It is a good thing that you took domestic science.

Blanche. Do you suppose that is why Harry picked her out?

Elizabeth. [*Shakes Blanche.*] You horrid monster!

Maud. No fighting allowed. Go back to your seat, Elizabeth. We have not heard from Grace yet.

Mabel. What are you going to do, Grace?

Grace. I don't know. I can't teach, I can't write, my father hasn't a factory in which I can experiment and no one wants to marry me. There doesn't seem to be any place for me.

Jannette. Why, Grace Ellsworth! There isn't a girl in the class who can do as many things as you can. You sing, you play the piano, the violin and the yuke. You are a wizard at languages, you lead in athletics and you—well, you are an all-round girl and everybody loves you.

Mabel. Right you are.

Jannette. Three cheers for Grace.

Grace. Don't, girls, don't. I'm not all you say. Even if I were, of what account are such accomplishments? I can't play well enough to go on the stage, I can't sing except for college choir. Who wants to hear me talk Greek or French or German? Who will pay me for playing basket-ball? Here I am a thoroughly-trained college girl and—good for nothing.

Maud. How can you talk so? You can do anything. You have been the most popular girl in

college. Look at the way you have managed the Y. W. C. A. Hasn't every girl followed your lead? Didn't the dean say only last week, that never before had the association meant so much to the college as it had this year?

Grace. Y-e-s, but all the girls have helped. I haven't done all the work.

Blanche. You have been the leader. Where you have gone we have followed. I don't know what definite line of work you may take up, Grace, but this I know. You will always be a leader. Wherever you go, girls will follow. Whatever you suggest they will do. Some day we shall hear of you as a leader in some great movement.

Grace. You flatter me. Let's talk no more about it. I shall hope to do something worthy of this bunch. [*Sound of voices outside.*] Here come the girls. We are going to practice hymns for the Y. W. service to-night. [*Enter group of girls.*]

Girls. Here we are.

Grace. I'm glad to see so many of you, for I want the singing to go well. We have a big speaker to-night, a woman who has been around the world. She is going to tell us about the girls of other lands.

Mabel. What are we to sing?

Grace. Some old hymns. The speaker has selected them. We'll try this one first. [*Plays on some instrument, "Ye Christian Heralds, Go Proclaim." All sing two stanzas.*]

Grace. Now this one. It is one of my favorites.

"Lead on, O King Eternal." [*All sing first stanza.*]

Grace. That was splendid. [*Bell rings.*]

Mabel. [*Jumps up.*] Dinner! No cuts allowed or—desired. [*Exeunt all, laughing and talking.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE II: *Same as Scene I. Time, evening.*

[*Enter Grace.*

Grace. My, but I am tired! [*Drops into a comfortable chair.*] I'm glad we had a good crowd out. That woman was simply wonderful! Her talk was positively thrilling. [*Pauses.*] I can almost see those girls in India, Japan and China. [*Pause.*] I could have listened all night, though I am tired. [*Picks up book.*] I suppose I ought to study for a while. [*Reads a few moments, then the book falls from her hands, the girl sleeps.*]

[*Enter Japanese girl.*

Japanese. American girl, I come to you for help. You have a college education. You can teach. Come to Japan and teach us. Western civilization has brought much to my country. It has brought wealth, it has brought trade, it has brought factories, but it has not brought wisdom to my people. It has not taught them how to care for the girls of the land. It has taken the girls from their homes and put them into factories, where all day they work at dangerous machines. Long hours they work, but when the work is finished worse dangers

await them. The girls have no homes in the cities. They live in awful places. They know not how to free themselves. Come, beautiful American Girl, come, teach the Japanese girls the right way to live. Come, show the parents how to protect their daughters. The girlhood of Japan calls you. Will you come?

[*Exit Japanese.*

[*Enter Hindu girl.*

Hindu. How happy you look, American Girl! I have not been happy for five years, for I am a widow. When I was but eight years old I was married to a man I had never seen. He was much older than I. He was often cruel to me. He used to beat me, but I was his wife and he had a right to. One day he was taken ill and died. His mother said I caused his death. Every one says I have an evil spirit. No one is kind to me. No one likes me. I am accursed. O, American Girl, you who know so much, isn't there any way of escape for me? I am not yet twenty years old, must I suffer all my life for that of which I am innocent? In India are thousands and thousands of girls as wretched as I. Can we hope ever to be happy? The girls of India ask you—Is there any help for us? We listen for your answer. Do not disappoint us.

[*Exit Hindu.*

[*Enter Chinese girl.*

Chinese. What a blessing it is to be an American girl! To be loved, to be protected, to be educated, to be wanted. Girls are never desired in China. When we are born our fathers are very angry and

our mothers are ill-treated. No one is glad. We are not sent to school. We cannot read or write. We are unable to help ourselves. All we are considered to be good for is to be married to a man who will take us away into his home and relieve our fathers of the expense of our support. Surely life has more than this to offer the girls of China. If some one would show us the way, how gladly would we walk in it! O, American Girl, the girlhood of China needs you. Will you not come to us?

[*Exit Chinese girl.*

[*Enter Armenian.*

Armenian. In all the world there is no one so good, so kind, so generous as the Americans. To my land the American Missionary came. I went to her school. I learned of the American's God. I learned to read, to write, to do many things. Then the war came and our schools were destroyed, our homes ruined, our missionaries taken away. Now we make new homes, we find a place for a school, but we have few missionaries in the country to teach us. In America the girls have many, many teachers. Could not one be spared to come to us? O American Girl, you can learn our language easily, you can teach, you know how to help us. The girls of Armenia want you. Will you come?

[*Exit Armenian.*

[*Invisible chorus sings, softly, the first stanza of "Ye Christian Heralds, Go, Proclaim."*]

Grace. [*Stirs in sleep; wakens.*] Where are they? [*Looks about room.*] I must have been dreaming. Could it have been but a dream? The

girls of Japan *call* you—the girls of India *await* you—the girls of China *need* you—the girls of Armenia *want* you. Will you come? [*Rises, paces the floor.*] I could work there. I could teach, I could use my music; yes, even my athletics. I could lead the girls of other lands. What did Jannette say, "Where you lead other girls will follow." I wonder if any would follow me across the sea. I can't go to all the countries, but perhaps if I go to one other girls may follow and go to the countries that I cannot reach. Shall I go? [*Seats herself, thinks with head on her hand.*]

Song. [*Very softly an unseen girl sings, "Ye Christian Heralds."*]

Grace. [*Rises to her feet.*] I will go. I have found my work. I shall not leave college not knowing what I want to do. I go to the girls of other lands. Girls of Japan, girls of India, girls of China, girls of Armenia, I have heard your call. Listen to my answer. I come—I come—I come!

[*Softy come the voices, singing, "Lead On, O King Eternal."*]

CURTAIN

TWO BUSINESS ADVENTURES IN JAPAN

CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Strong.

Mr. Strong.

Madeline Strong, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Strong, recently graduated from college.*

Jack Strong, *a young man, son of Mr. and Mrs. Strong.*

ACT I

SCENE I: *Mrs. Strong's living-room. Enter Mrs. Strong, who moves about rearranging articles on the table and in the room, giving the impression of being agitated.*

Mrs. Strong. Madeline has been home from college three weeks now, but they have not been the happy weeks I had looked forward to. [*Sighs, picks up knitting or sewing.*] Four long years she has been away. All that time I have waited for the time when she would be at home with me again, when the house would be filled with her friends. Now she returns, but with such absurd notions in her head. She thinks she wants to go to Japan as a missionary. The idea is ridiculous. My daughter with her training, her position in society and her chances for the future to go out there into that foreign land. I supposed we sent her to a perfectly

proper college. If I had dreamed she would acquire such absurd notions I should have sent her elsewhere.

[*Enter Mr. Strong.*

Mr. Strong. Where is Madeline?

Mrs. Strong. She has gone for a walk. We have been having another talk about Japan, but it did no good. Her mind is made up.

Mr. Strong. Well, she will have to unmake it. I am tired of her nonsense. Japan! I guess the Japanese can take care of themselves without her help. [*Bell rings. Enter maid with telegram.*]

Mr. Strong. [*Reads telegram.*] Here is good news. Jack will be home to-night.

Mrs. Strong. Jack home to-night?

Mr. Strong. Listen. [*Reads.*] "Home to-night. Three days to stay. Good news." Signed Jack.

Mother. What do you think it is?

Father. I don't know. We shall have to wait until he arrives.

Mrs. Strong. It has been three months since we have seen him, and more than seven since we have had both children at home at the same time. I am so glad Madeline is here. Just think, if she were in Japan we could have no family reunions!

Mr. Strong. Well, don't worry about that. She isn't going to Japan.

[*Enter Madeline as father says last words.*

Madeline. Father, surely you don't mean that?

Mr. Strong. I do. You must get this absurd idea out of your mind. What could you do in Japan?

Madeline. I could teach. Other girls have gone there and made good. Didn't I study kindergarten methods before I went to college? The need for workers is so great that I know there is a place for me somewhere.

Mr. Strong. Well, you are not going. Where is your filial duty? Don't you think your mother wants you at home after all these years of absence?

Mrs. Strong. I little thought that your college course would end in a desire to be a missionary. I wish you had never gone.

Madeline. I can't understand you, mother. For years you have been president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. You had the Mission Band when I was a little girl; you taught me to say, "Go ye into all the world," and "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few"; you told me stories of children of other lands; you told me of the need of the people to know the Saviour and of the great demand for missionaries. Now when I want to go to Japan to help, you act as if I was thinking of something unnatural.

Mrs. Strong. But this is different. You are my own daughter.

Madeline. Haven't other missionaries had mothers?

Mrs. Strong. Yes, yes, of course. But you can't understand; this is different. You are my only girl. I can't let you go.

Madeline. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son——"

Mr. Strong. Madeline! We will not discuss

the matter further. Your mother is right. You do not know what you are talking about. We are thinking of your best good. Some day you will realize it and thank us for it.

Madeline. No, father; you don't understand. God has called me. I am convinced my work is in Japan. I must go, even in spite of your opposition, hard as it will be for me to do so.

Mrs. Strong. [*Draws Madeline onto divan beside her.*] There, dear, there, we will say no more about it now. After you have been home longer and are rested we can discuss it. [*To father.*] The poor child is worn out with examinations, graduation and excitement. Don't scold her. Tell her the good news about Jack.

Madeline. [*Surprised.*] Jack! What about him?

Mr. Strong. Coming home to-night.

Madeline. [*Springs to her feet, claps hands.*] Coming home to-night? This is almost too good to be true. I'll run and get ready, for I want to look my best for Jack. Won't it be good to see him again?

[*Exit Madeline, hurriedly.*

Mr. Strong. Not much sign of a missionary there.

Mrs. Strong. No; I am sure she is a perfectly normal girl. This missionary idea grew out of a Life Service campaign held at college last year. She will get over the craze before the summer ends. I think I'll go up in Jack's room to see that everything is ready for him.

[*Exit Mrs. Strong.*

Mr. Strong. I shall be glad to see the boy again. [*Picks up telegram.*] I wonder what his news is. Perhaps another increase in salary. That firm certainly has done well by the boy. He has only been with them four years and they have steadily promoted him with increase of salary. [*Sound of auto horn outside.*] There he is now.

[*Exit Mr. Strong.*

CURTAIN

SCENE II: *Same as Scene I. Evening. Enter Mr. Strong, Mrs. Strong, Madeline and Jack.*

Mr. Strong. Now, Jack, don't keep us in suspense any longer.

Madeline. You said the news would spoil our appetites, but I'm sure the excitement and suspense affected us quite as much as the news would have.

Mrs. Strong. Yes, dear, do tell us. [*Mrs. Strong and Madeline sit down.*]

Jack. This is such wonderful news, far better than anything I ever thought of.

Mr. Strong. Another promotion?

Jack. Yes, a big one, too. This is it. I am to go to Yokohama to represent the firm there. I shall have charge of the office, with the supervision of the men in the field, and a salary of $10,000.

Mr. Strong. [*Slapping Jack on back.*] Jack, my boy, you don't mean it? This is great news!

Mrs. Strong. $10,000 a year!

Madeline. Yokohama?

Jack. Think what a chance for me! An opportunity to travel, to see something of the world, to visit other countries—for I shall stop along the way, to say nothing of being in charge of the office. Think of the people I shall meet. Consider the future possibilities. [*Paces floor.*] I can hardly believe it is true.

Mr. Strong. It is a wonderful opportunity.

Mrs. Strong. [*Gazing fondly at Jack.*] Jack, my boy, I am proud of you.

Madeline. Shall you let him go?

Jack. Let me go? [*Laughs.*] How old do you think I am, Sis? Let me go—that's a good one! [*Laughs.*]

Mr. Strong. She doesn't realize what this means to you.

Madeline. It will take him to Japan.

Jack. Oh, Japan isn't very far away to-day, with the fast vessels, the cables and the wireless. No one thinks any more of going to Japan than to San Francisco.

Madeline. Mother, hear what he says, "Japan isn't far away to-day."

Mrs. Strong. No, dear, not for business, but being a missionary is different.

Jack. Who said anything about being a missionary?

Mr. Strong. Madeline thinks she wants to be one.

Jack. Madeline a missionary! What's the joke?

Madeline. No joke, Jack. I want to go to Japan

to teach. Father and mother seem to think the idea preposterous. Just before you came they were telling me how impossible my plan is.

Jack. Impossible? I should say so! What could you do out there?

Madeline. I could teach in a kindergarten or in a girls' school. You would be there to look out for me, so there can't be any further reason for father and mother to object. [*Smiles as she approaches Mr. Strong.*] Please say, "Yes."

Mr. Strong. How can we let you go? You are only a little girl.

Madeline. Will you agree to this plan? The Board will send me out for three years. At the end of that time, if we decide my going was a mistake, if I am unable to do the work, or if I do not care to remain, the Board will allow me to return and release me from all obligations.

Mr. Strong. Do you want to go as much as that?

Madeline. More than I ever wanted anything before. I have heard the call. I can't refuse. [*Reaches for mother's hand.*] Don't make it too hard for me, for I must go.

Mrs. Strong. [*To Mr. Strong.*] Well, perhaps we could consider the three years. We'll talk it over.

Madeline. You dears! I knew you would consent.

Mr. Strong. We might arrange to spare you for three years. At the end of that period mother and I could go out and see you and Jack, but if every-

thing isn't satisfactory you will have to return with us. Will you agree to that, mother?

Mrs. Strong. Y-e-s, only I shall hope all the time that Madeline won't like it there.

Madeline. You dear, dear people, you have made me very happy.

Jack. Well, Sis, it will be rather pleasant to have you near. We can see Japan together and keep each other from getting homesick.

Mr. Strong. Let's go into the library and look up Japan in the atlas. I do not remember just where Yokohama is.

[*Exeunt all.*

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I: *Three years later. An outdoor kindergarten in Japan. (Select a group of children who know kindergarten songs and games. The girls should be dressed in bright-colored kimonos, coming nearly to the ground, with sashes of a contrasting bright color. The little boys in dark kimonos, black and white, or blue and white. Their sashes are hardly more than strings tied in the back, in a small bow. Little skull caps made of gray stockings well represent the shaved heads of the boys. Plants, green branches and flowers can be used for the setting, while bits of pink tissue paper fastened*

onto bare branches suggest cherry blossoms. In the background are a few Japanese women and Mr. and Mrs. Strong. The children sing a motion song, play a game and listen to a Bible story told by Madeline, after which the Japanese women take the children and leave the stage.)

Mr. Strong. Well, I confess that was a pretty sight.

Mrs. Strong. But you could have a kindergarten at home, Madeline. American children are cunning, too.

Madeline. Don't you realize that there is more to my teaching here than having a kindergarten? We teach these little children the Christian songs and tell them the Bible stories. The children repeat them at home, and in that way the parents learn to know our religion. Hardly a day goes by but we have a group of women visiting our school.

Mrs. Strong. The mothers were interested.

Madeline. They enjoy the songs and stories as much as the children do. I am often asked to go into the homes to sing and talk to the mothers. In that way I am helping them to know the gospel.

Mr. Strong. I withdraw all my objections. I believe you are going at this in the right way and you are doing a good work. I'm proud of you. Of course, I should like to have you at home, but I can see that you are happy here and believe this is your place. I shall say no more against it.

Mrs. Strong. I suppose we shall have to let you

remain. I am proud of your work, too, and since I have been made president of the *State* Woman's Foreign Missionary Society it is rather gratifying to tell of my *own* daughter's work as a missionary.

Madeline. Then you are both willing for me to remain?

Mr. Strong. Yes.

Madeline. I have been happy here, but I shall be happier now that I know you are reconciled to my being here. Now, come with me and greet the other member of your family.

Mrs. Strong. Jack?

Madeline. Yes, he is to have dinner with us.

Mr. Strong. This will be a family reunion in Japan. [*To mother.*] So you see it is possible to have one, even with Madeline in Japan.

Mrs. Strong. I am learning many things to-day. Why, I believe I am *glad* Madeline is here in Japan.

Mr. Strong. Well, maybe I am, too.

Madeline. I know I am.

Children. [*Behind the scene.*] We are glad, too.

Women. [*Behind the scene.*] So are we.

CURTAIN

THE INDIANS' SEARCH FOR THE WHITE MAN'S BOOK

CHARACTERS:

Red Eagle, *a young Indian Brave.*
Old Chief, *an aged Indian.*
Captain Clark, *commander of army post.*
Dr. Marcus Whitman, Rev. H. H. Spaulding, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Spaulding — *Missionaries to the Indians*
Group of Indians.
Group of American soldiers.

ACT I

SCENE I: *An Indian Council Fire. An out-door scene, a group of Indians, some young braves, other old chiefs, sitting in a circle. (See chapter on* COSTUMES *for suggestions for Indian dress.)*

Red Eagle. [*Leaning against a tree or boulder.*] Many years ago, when this country was still young, all this land was peopled with Red Men. They roamed about as they chose, fishing from the mighty river or tracking the animals on the mountain. They were content to live in their own way until one day they were surprised by the visit of

some pale faces. Those men were on their way to the country beyond the great mountains, but here they waited for a few days while they secured supplies. They were strong, they could do things which no red man had ever done. They wore peculiar clothing, but it was better than that of the red man. They could shoot better with their strange weapons of iron than could the Indian with his bow. So different were these men and so many wonderful things could they do that the red man looked on amazed, almost terrified. At last one of our mighty chiefs went to the pale faces and inquired of them the secret of the white man's power. Only one man answered seriously. He said the white man's power was in his religion. He told our chiefs of the One Supreme Being, the God of the white man. The story of this God and his plan for the peoples of the earth was to be found in a wonderful Book. When the chief asked for that Book the man said he had none with him, but some day a man would come from the country toward the rising of the sun and would tell the red man of the white man's God and would bring the Book of heaven.

Indians. [*Nodding heads.*] Yes, yes, that is so.

Red Eagle. The man who had told the story went away. Every morning the Indians rose with the hope that before the sun should set the man would come. At evening, as the braves gathered about the fire, the conversation turned to the day when the messenger should arrive and should teach them of this wonderful God. As the boys grew to manhood they listened to the tales of the older

men and so in the hearts of the youths of our race grew a desire for the white man's Book of heaven. [*Indians nod heads.*] Many moons passed. One by one the old chiefs died with their longing unsatisfied. The young men, now older grown, turned longing eyes toward the eastward. Sometimes hope filled their breasts as a pale face suddenly appeared in their midst. But always disappointment followed, for the man came not to teach the red men but to seek for furs. So the years have passed. The red man has continued to fish, to hunt, to serve the white man, to live as best he could, but always in his heart there was a great longing for something more. [*Indians nod heads.*] To-night I ask you if the time has not come for us to act. The messenger with the white man's Book has not yet come. Perhaps he has forgotten, perhaps he has lost the way. What can be done?

Old Chief. [*Rises.*] All you say is true. Our fathers waited, but the messenger came not; we have waited, but he has not come. Why wait longer? Let us send certain of our men to find this Book.

Indians. Yes, yes.

Red Eagle. It shall be done as you say. I myself will go. Who will go with me? [*Two young men arise, then two older ones.*] It is enough. A few can travel more quickly than many. To-morrow at sunrise meet me by the big rock at the bend of the river. Bring with you only things needful for the journey. Go, make yourselves ready!

[*Exeunt four men.*

Old Chief. Every night we shall watch for your return. We have waited long. Some of us cannot wait much longer. See that you hasten.

Red Eagle. With all swiftness shall we travel, and as soon as we have the Book our footsteps will turn again toward the setting sun. We know your desire is as great as ours.

[*Exeunt chief and others.*

Red Eagle. [*Soliloquizing.*] We go. Shall we return? Shall we ever find the white man's Book of heaven? [*Stretches forth his arms, gazes into the distance.*] O my people, the Book shall be yours if we can find it. We would end your days of unfulfilled longing. May the God of the white man guide us on our way.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE II: *An American army post in 1834. A group of American soldiers in the background, two Indians in the foreground at the right. Enter Captain Clark at left.*

Captain. We were glad to welcome you, our red brothers, when you came to us some months ago, we have enjoyed your stay in our midst, gladly would we have you remain longer at our camp, but we know that now your hearts yearn for home and your own people and we do not urge you to stay.

Red Eagle. We return, but with heavy hearts. Five of us set out together, one returned before we had been long on the way, two sleep here beneath the ground of your camp, only two of us return and we go empty-handed. We sought the wonderful Book of the white man, but we have found it not. Many moons my people waited for the Book to be brought to them. At last, weary of waiting for one who came not, they sent us to find the Book. You have been kind to us; you have taught us many things, but you have not given us the Book. Our people must continue to wait.

Captain. I regret that we cannot give you the Book, for it is not written in your language. Neither can we send you a teacher. This is an army camp. I am in charge of soldiers, not missionaries. Return to your people. Tell them to keep on hoping. Perhaps some day a teacher with the Book will come to you.

Red Eagle. They have waited long. Some grown weary with waiting have laid themselves down in the long sleep from which there is no waking. When I return without the Book, hope will die and life will be harder than before. [*Extends arms to the west.*] O my people, I have failed. I return without the Book. You will never know the white man's God. For you there is no light. [*Drops arms, bows head, goes slowly out, followed by other Indian.*]

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE I: *Same as Act I, Scene I. Noise, shouting, sounds of great excitement outside. Enter group of Indians, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, Dr. Whitman, Mrs. Whitman.*

Indians. [*Excitedly.*] The teachers have come! The teachers have come! They have brought the Book!

Old Chief. [*Older grown, gazes with awe at the Bible which he holds in his hands.*] The white man's Book with the story of their God!

Dr. Whitman. Yes, that is it. When we learned that your men had traveled over three thousand miles to learn about the true God and to secure a copy of his Holy Word, some of us decided that you must have it. We have come to tell the story of our God, to teach your boys and girls how to read the Word for themselves, to show your men and women how to live better and happier lives.

Old Chief. We are glad. We waited long. Sometimes we almost lost hope.

Mr. Spaulding. Are any of the men here who went to the army post?

Old Chief. No, all are gone. Only one lived to return and a few moons ago he left us to go on the journey from which no one has ever returned. How eagerly we watched the men as they started on the trail to the land of the rising sun! Then day after day we watched for their return. A long

time we waited, then one evening, just at sunset, we saw far in the distance a man approaching. As he came nearer and nearer we at last were able to recognize Red Eagle. How the people shouted, how eagerly they ran to meet him! As he drew nearer we realized that he was shouting. At last we were able to make out his words. He was saying, "A man will be sent with the Book."

Whitman. What?

Chief. Over and over he cried, "A man will be sent with the Book."

Mr. Spaulding. What faith!

Chief. Then he told us how the Book was not yet written in our language, but when it was ready a man would come bringing it to us. [*Missionaries gaze at each other in astonishment.*]

Dr. Whitman. [*To missionaries.*] He must have told them that to save them from further disappointment.

Mr. Spaulding. He had no assurance that anyone would be sent.

Mrs. Whitman. He gave expression to the hope that was in his heart.

Mrs. Spaulding. He did not hope in vain.

Chief. After his return, Red Eagle was changed. He never seemed quite like himself. Always he spoke cheerfully of the coming of the man with the Book, but we noticed that never did he look toward the rising of the sun to see if the man was coming. When alone, his face would grow grave and sad, but whenever anyone approached him he tried to appear as usual. Only I, who knew him well,

realized that while he was away on his long trip something had broken his heart. But we red people never tell what is in our hearts, and so Red Eagle died with his secret unspoken. His last words to us were, "The man with the Book will surely come. Watch for him."

Dr. Whitman. [*To missionaries.*] He was a true hero. Hopeless himself, he inspired others with hope. [*To chief.*] Well, you see he spoke the truth. We are here and you have the Book.

Chief. [*Gazes at Bible.*] The Book, the precious Book!

Voice outside. [*Softly.*] O my people, at last you have the Book! May the white man's God become yours!

Mr. Spaulding. What was that? Did someone speak?

Dr. Whitman. It was but the wind in the trees, I think.

Chief. To me it was as the sound of Red Eagle's voice. I wish he might know that no longer do the Nez Perce watch in vain. Their time of watching is passed, their chance to learn has come. We thank you. [*Indians form circle around missionaries.*]

Indians. We *all* thank you.

CURTAIN

THE MARTYR OF ADEN

CHARACTERS:

Mr. Spaulding, *chairman of Board of Foreign Missions of Scottish Church.*
Mr. Wilson, *secretary of the Board.*
Mr. Burton
Mr. Monroe } *members of the Board.*
Mr. Smith
Time Present.
Time Past.
Time Future.
Group of men and Leader.
Group of women and Leader.
Group of children and Leader.

ACT I

SCENE I: *Monthly business meeting of the Foreign Board. Men seated about a table.*

Mr. Spaulding. I believe we have completed the unfinished business. What new business is there to come before us?

Mr. Wilson. I hold here a most interesting, and I may say, startling communication. It comes from the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer. It is a request

that our Board send him and his associates, four of them, into Arabia, to establish a mission station at Aden.

Mr. Burton. Aden—Aden—where is that?

Mr. Wilson. It is in the extreme south-eastern part of Arabia, on the Red Sea. [*Produces map.*] Here it is! [*Men all look at map.*]

Mr. Burton. What Board has been working there?

Mr. Wilson. Not any. It is a new field. In this letter [*refers to letter*] Keith-Falconer refers to the place as a most neglected but important field. He points out that as a military post Aden controls the Red Sea; for trading purposes its relation to Asia and Africa is strategic. It is located 500 miles from Mecca and thousands of persons from all parts of Asia pass through the city every year. He concludes, "It is in the interests of humanity and religion that the forces of Christianity begin immediate work there. We therefore ask your board to accept us as its representatives while we pay all costs of the mission."

Mr. Spaulding. He offers to bear the expense of the mission?

Mr. Wilson. Yes, including the mission, the school and the medical work.

Mr. Monroe. This is very unusual. I happen to know that this man has recently been made Professor of Arabic at Cambridge. It can't be that he would surrender that position to go to Arabia.

Mr. Smith. He has been there once. Why does he want to go again?

Mr. Monroe. He was only prospecting on that tour. Now he wants to go there to work.

Mr. Spaulding. How shall we decide this matter, gentlemen? Shall we give him the privilege he asks?

Mr. Smith. I should not call it a privilege, but if he sees an opportunity there and is willing not only to go but to finance the enterprise, how can we refuse to allow him to go?

Mr. Burton. We can't. I move that the secretary be instructed to write him conveying the desired permission.

Mr. Spaulding. I knew there could be no other answer. This is a new field, and it may be the beginning of a far-reaching work for the kingdom. I feel that this is a significant hour. Who can foretell the outcome?

Mr. Burton. Only time will reveal it.

Mr. Spaulding. Yes, the future will give the answer.

Mr. Wilson. Let us all go downstairs. I think we shall find Keith-Falconer waiting for us.

Mr. Monroe. Yes, let us go. I want to ask that man some questions.

[*Exeunt all.*

CURTAIN

SCENE II: *Same as Scene I. Five months later. Mr. Spaulding at desk. Enter Mr. Wilson with letter in hand.*

Mr. Wilson. I have sad news for you this morning, Mr. Spaulding. Word has just come that the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer and his wife have both been stricken with the fever.

Mr. Spaulding. The fever? How terrible! What if it should prove fatal?

Mr. Wilson. That would be a tragedy. He has been in Arabia only five months. He can scarcely have begun his work. Surely God will not let him die.

Mr. Spaulding. Yes, he has been there only five months, but how much he has accomplished! His mission has already won many people. His ability to speak the language before he went was a great help to him. Then, too, he took with him the Gospel already translated into Arabic. It has found a ready sale among the Moslems.

Mr. Wilson. He has made such a splendid beginning that it would seem like a catastrophe to have the work stop now.

Mr. Spaulding. His personality and Christlike character have been his strongest assets. His knowledge of the language, his interest in the work and his determination to teach Christ to that neglected people, coupled with his own perfectly surrendered life, have proved unanswerable arguments to the Moslems.

[*Enter boy with cablegram, gives it to Mr. Wilson.*]

Mr. Wilson. [*Reads.*] It is the worst!

Mr. Spaulding. You mean——?

Mr. Wilson. Died Monday. Repeated attacks

were too much for his weakened constitution. He is dead; his wife is still very ill.

Mr. Spaulding. Great Britain has made the first offering to Arabia's evangelization.

Mr. Wilson. Yes, and it was a costly one. Too great a price to pay, I think. Keith-Falconer was too promising a man to have been allowed to throw his life away in Arabia.

Mr. Spaulding. How can you speak so? He did not throw his life away.

Mr. Wilson. I think it was time, money and a life wasted. Think of his future had he remained here! He represented the best of British civilization. Born of a noble family, reared in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, he early showed his inheritance. Strong, athletic and powerful, he surpassed most men physically. In intellectual attainment he was equally skilled. Honors and prizes did not cease with his college days, but continued to follow him until he was appointed to the Professorship of Arabic at Cambridge University. If he had been content to remain at home he might have had many years in which to teach the men at Cambridge and so spent his life in a truly worthwhile manner. Now, at the age of thirty, he lies beneath the soil of Aden—a martyr to the cause.

Mr. Spaulding. Yet I cannot believe that Keith-Falconer died in vain. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." I believe the day will come when the world shall know that his work was not ended in five months. His words

already spoken, his life nobly lived, will continue to influence the thoughts of others. We have paid a most precious price to establish this work in Arabia. It must not be discontinued or neglected. Go at once and write an appeal to the young men of the colleges, asking for a volunteer to take up the task Keith-Falconer has just laid down.

Mr. Wilson. Do you think anyone will answer? Surely this is not the time for such an appeal. Wait until the country has recovered from the shock of his death. He was so well known and beloved that his death will cause a stir not only in England but throughout the Christian church.

Mr. Spaulding. Yes, men everywhere will be stirred by the heroism of this dauntless martyr of Aden. For that very reason I would send a challenge to the young men of the nation, asking someone to take up the work Keith-Falconer has left unfinished.

Mr. Wilson. [*Reluctantly.*] Of course, I shall do what you ask, but you will soon know the result of such a request.

Mr. Spaulding. Yes, we shall see results, and I predict quite different ones from what you anticipate.

Mr. Wilson. [*Doubtfully.*] I hope you are right, but I can't believe it. Nevertheless I'll write the appeal.

[*Exit Mr. Wilson.*

Mr. Spaulding. [*Decidedly.*] I know I am right. "As the Father has sent me so send I you."

Keith-Falconer went forth in the name of his Master and I believe his going was not vain. Time will show.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I: *Any simple setting. The stage may be hung in dark draperies or banked with green. In the center a large white cross. An invisible choir sings one stanza of "In the Cross of Christ I Glory."*

[*Enter Time Past.*

[*A young woman dressed in a long, flowing yellow gown, bearing in her hand a scroll.*]

Time Past. I am Time Past. In my scroll are written all things which have ever happened. Nothing can be taken out, nothing can be added. Everything must remain as it is. Sometimes the written words are pleasant to read, other times the words bring sorrow and regret and pain. To-night I unroll the scroll that you may read. [*Unrolls scroll—reads.*] As the sun was setting in the Arabian sky one May night in 1887 a little group of men bore to its last resting place the body of Keith-Falconer. But the spirit of the man could not be confined. It continues to work for the cause of humanity. It was in the call of the church as it cried out to the world—"Who will go?" Immediately came the answer—not from one man, but from thirteen. [*Enter*

thirteen young men, who take places at rear of stage.] As these men in the graduating class of a college heard the stirring challenge—"Who will go?"—they sent back the answer.

Men. "Here am I, send Me."

Time Past. [*Reads.*] In the following year began a movement which has not ceased, even unto this day. Two men began to go about from college to college presenting the needs of the mission fields. It was the spirit of Keith-Falconer that drove these men on to so inspire the college men and women of Great Britain and America that in the first ten years after his death ten thousand college students had volunteered for service in foreign lands. To-day student volunteers are found the world over.

[*Enter student volunteers. Take place in front of men.*]

Student Volunteers. [*If there are volunteers they should be used here. If none are available this part should be omitted.*] We, too, are members of this mighty organization and are looking forward to service.

Time Past. Keith-Falconer, being dead, yet speaketh.

[*Enter Time Present, clothed in pale blue flowing robe.*]

Time Present. Enough, Time *Past*, let me speak, for I am Time Present. I am to-day.

[*Exit Time Past.*

Were you to visit Arabia you would find that the work begun so long ago is being continued.

You would find schools, hospitals, mission stations. You would find men and women under Arabian skies serving the same God you know and love.

[*Enter group of men from rear, marching slowly down the aisle to platform, singing to tune "Victory."*]

"Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.
The night is past, the light has come,
The blessed cross of Christ has won,
The song of victory has begun.
Alleluia."

[*Take places at right.*

Time Present. Tell us who you are.

Leader. We represent the men of Arabia who have seen the light of God's love since the missionaries have come to our country. To you Christians we give our thanks, to Him we give ourselves.

[*Singing, same stanza as before, sounds from rear. Group of women* * *proceed down the opposite aisle. Take places at left.*]

Time Present. Tell us who you are.

Leader. We represent the women of Arabia, whose homes have been brightened since the missionaries came to us. His love has shined upon us, driving away the blackness of ignorance.

[*Again the same stanza from the rear. Little children come down both aisles, take places in front of men and women.*]

* See chapter on COSTUMES—*Arabia.*

Time Present. Why do you come?

Leader. We are the children of Arabia, happy because we know that Jesus loves little children. [*Sing "Jesus Loves Me."*]

Time Present. So it is in Arabia to-day. Men, women and children know the Christ, but so many *more* know him not. The Moslems still are strong, their teachers are active. Which will win Arabia—the Moslems or the Christians? I cannot say. Another must answer. [*Calls.*] Time Future!

[*Enter Time Future, gowned in white, carrying on arm long, thin veil.*]

Time Present. Tell us of the future of Arabia. Is the day at hand when Christianity shall rule the land, or shall the Moslems' faith prevail?

Time Future. You ask what I may not answer. For with this magic veil I draw a curtain over the days to come. Only one of strong purpose is able to pierce the veil. If there be those who are so anxious that the people of Arabia be won to Christ that they are willing to give time and money and services, aye, themselves, then to them is the future revealed—Arabia shall be Christian. To all others the future is hidden. Only one thing can pierce this veil. [*Goes to cross, wraps veil around upright and arms of cross, turns light on cross.*] The light that shines from the cross of Christ illumines even the future. He who follows its light shall never walk in darkness, but shall know the future of Arabia. Plant the cross of Christ there and its radiance shall lighten the land.

[*Places hand on cross, sings, "In the Cross of*

Christ I Glory." *Remains in position until curtain.*]

[*Exit all others, singing, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory."*]

CURTAIN

A CHRISTMAS PROBLEM

CHARACTERS:

Helen Marston, *a young woman of twenty.*
A little old lady.
A salesgirl.
A Chinese girl.
An Armenian child.
Spirit of the Red Cross.
Spirit of the Church of Christ.

ACT I

SCENE I: *A living-room in an American home.*

[*Enter Helen, arms filled with Christmas packages.*]

Helen. At last my Christmas packages are ready. [*Places them on table.*] I hope I have not forgotten anyone. [*Seats herself in chair at right.*] Christmas means a lot of work. Shopping in the crowd is so tiresome, wrapping and tying the packages takes so much time. Then there is the hurry to send the out-of-town packages in time. But all that is nothing to the worry lest the present should not suit the one to whom it is sent and the fear that someone has been forgotten. I think I have remembered everyone. [*Takes paper from pocket.*] This

year I was careful and made a list of all the persons to whom I intended to give presents. Last year I nearly forgot Aunt Edith, so I put her at the head of the list. [*Checks off names as she talks.*] There is father, mother, brother Fred, Alice, six girls of my club, Clara, Maude and Jessie, and the seven little girls in my Sunday School class. I can't have forgotten anyone. I am glad everything is ready and I can have one whole day before Christmas to myself. If I have forgotten anyone surely I shall think who it is to-morrow. I am tired. I think I'll take a nap before dinner. [*Curls down in chair and is soon asleep.*]

[*A lullaby played on a violin will help give the idea of passage of time.*]

[*Enter little old lady.*

Old Lady. Did you remember me? When you were a little girl I used to give you cookies and cakes as you played in my yard. Then you never forgot me, but came to my house frequently. Now my home is gone and I live with many other women at an old ladies' home. Of course, I am comfortable and well cared for, but the days are so lonely. I am only one of many. We are all treated alike. No one thinks of me as an individual. If only someone would come to the home and ask for me then I should know that I was not forgotten. Do you ever think of me? Did you remember me in your Christmas giving?

[*Exit old lady.*

[*Enter Armenian child.*

Child. Did you remember the Near East Relief?

In the East men and women and children are dying of starvation and want. Much has been given, but more is needed. We do not ask for gifts nor comforts, we only ask for food to keep us alive. If you could see the little famished children, scarcely more than living skeletons, you would want to help them. If you knew that before another month many more children would die from lack of food, you would remember us. Tell me, did you give us even a thought at this Christmas time? Did you remember us?

[*Exit Child.*

[*Enter Salesgirl.*

Salesgirl. Did you remember me? You were asked to shop early that we girls might be spared the long weary hours of work. Someone forgot. Was it you? All day and far into the evening have I stood behind the counter helping you and your friends find their gifts. My friends must go unremembered. I have no time to find gifts or to tie them up. I have no desire to make gifts. Christmas means only weariness and pain to me because someone forgot. But you do not care. You did not even think of me.

[*Exit Salesgirl.*

[*Enter Chinese Girl.*

Chinese Girl. Did you remember me? I represent the girls of other countries who do not know the meaning of your Christmas, who have never heard of the Christ child. Did you think of us? How much have you given that we might know the story of his birth? Tell me, did you remember us?

You never thought of us. You are not interested.

[*Exit Chinese Girl.*

[*Enter Red Cross Girl.*

Red Cross Girl. You smile as you see me, for you did remember me. You gave to the Red Cross Fund—a few pennies. But did you think of the Red Cross and the tremendous work it is doing? Or are you one of those persons who think that because the war is over the work of the Red Cross is done? Do you know of the work being done for the refugees, the help given to the peoples of devastated lands, the food sent to the famine-stricken countries and the relief sent to the needy the world over? Did you think at all as you made your gift? Did you give to the Red Cross all that you were able? As you planned your Christmas giving did you remember the suffering millions for whom there will be no Christmas this year?

[*Exit Red Cross Girl.*

[*Enter Spirit of the Church, a young woman dressed in loose white robe and carrying a white cross.*]

Spirit of the Church. I stand for the Church of Christ. Did you remember me? What gift have you made me? I know you are to take part in the Christmas pageant, but you are doing that for your own pleasure. You know you take the part well and people will praise you. Have you made a gift to the church? Last Sunday you told the superintendent that you could not keep your class after this month. Why? Because it is too much trouble for you to be on hand every Sunday. You did not

think of me, but of yourself. There is no teacher ready for that class. Sunday after Sunday may pass before a regular teacher is found. Perhaps some of the girls may drop out of Sunday School because there is no one sufficiently interested to hold them. Did you think of them? They love you. You have already won them. You are doing good work with them. Aren't you willing to give them a little more of yourself? Have you remembered them? Did you think of me? Are we on your list?

[*Exit Spirit of Church.*

Carolers. [*From outside comes the sound of the hymn, "As with Gladness Men of Old, Did the Guiding Star Behold."*]

Helen. [*Wakens, looks around, appears dazed.*] That must be the carolers practicing for Christmas Eve. What was the other, a dream or a vision? Maybe it was my conscience speaking to me. How real it seemed!

Carolers. [*Sing third and fifth stanzas of "O Little Town of Bethlehem."*]

Helen. I think I nearly missed the great gift, both for myself and for others. I have been so busy getting ready for Christmas that I forgot the real meaning of Christmas. I am glad it is not yet too late. I have another day in which to make a real Christmas gift to someone. [*Rises.*] Where is my list? I must add other names.

Carolers. [*Sing "Thou Didst Leave Thy Home and Thy Kingly Crown." Helen listens, joins in the chorus.*]

Helen. How near there came to being no room in my heart this year. [*Sings very softly above chorus as she busies herself with her list.*] There, that looks better. I must begin at once. There is so much to be done. I believe this is going to be the best Christmas I have ever known! I am so glad I remembered in time. [*Hums softly, above chorus, as she leaves stage.*]

CURTAIN

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